

THE

LITTLE DUKE

(LE PETIT DUC).

Comic Opera in 3 Acts.

BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.

WITH ENGLISH WORDS.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED

BY

FRED WILLIAMS AND T. R. SULLIVAN.

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

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THE LITTLE DUKE.

CHARACTERS.

THE DUKE OF PARTHENAY.

THE DUCHESS OF PARTHENAY.

THE DIRECTRESS OF THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

DE MONTALAND. A SOLDIER.

FRIMOUSSE. A SCHOLAR.

PAGES, MAIDS OF HONOR, THE NOBLE LADIES OF LUNEVILLE, PENSIONAIRES, VIVANDIERES, VILLAGERS, &c.

ACT I.—THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES. ACT II.—THE SCHOOL OF THE NOBLE LADIES OF LUNEVILLE. ACT III.—THE CAMP.

PERIOD,—LOUIS XIV.,—ABOUT 1700.

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3
THE LITTLE DUKE.
(LE PETIT DUC.)

Opera Comique in 3 Acts.

By Ch. Lecocq.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A magnificent apartment in the palace of Versailles. C. doors open, showing rooms beyond. Doors and windows R. & L. in side boxings. Furniture and appointments in the latter style of Louis XIV, about A. D., 1700.
Lords and Ladies of the Court discovered in waiting.

No. 1.

Allegretto Moderato.

OPENING CHORUS.

The musical score for the Opening Chorus is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 3/4 time, marked *Allegretto Moderato*. The piano part features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics "cen - do..." and continues with the chorus. The chorus is written for a group of voices, with the piano accompaniment providing a rhythmic and harmonic foundation. The lyrics of the chorus are: "La - dies young and courti - ers old,.... With statesmen grave and sol - diers bold, Filled with loy - al - ty un - told,.... With patience wait the pres - ence of the". The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff*, *mf*, and *cres.* (crescendo).

cen - do...

CHORUS.

La - dies young and courti - ers old,.... With statesmen grave and sol - diers

bold, Filled with loy - al - ty un - told,.... With patience wait the pres - ence of the

king,.... Loud - ly his vir - tues and his praise to sing,....

The pa - ges arch with airs and

grac - es, The maids of hon - or hith - er bring; Why do they wear such woe - ful

fa - ces? Why make such strange grim - ma - - ces? These six

Enter from C. door six Pages ceremoniously leading six

pa - - ges of..... our king.....

Maids of honor by the tips of the fingers, and regarding them with languishing looks.

Allegro Moderato. ♩ = 66.

PAGES.
dolce.

Night and day we're try - ing

p espressivo.

dolce.

p

legato.

your hard hearts to move;.... But our suit de - ny - - ing, You our sighs re -

pp *cres.*

- prove; Pi - ty our fond sigh - ing, Else we die for love!

p *pp*

MAIDS OF HONOR. (*laughing.*)
poco animato.

How sil - ly looks a sau - cy page,.... When making love at such an age.

p

PAGES. (kneeling to the maids of honor.)
a tempo.

Pi - ty our fond sigh - - - ing, Else we die for love,

MAIDS OF HONOR.

At such an age— To dream of love!

Pi - ty our fond sigh - - - ing, Else we die for love.

Our laughter must your sighs re - prove, When lit - tle boys will speak of

pp *cres.*

Pi - ty our fond sigh - ing, Else we die of love.....

love, Will speak of love.. ..

p

THE PAGES' SONG.

Allegro. ♩ = 158.



p 1st verse sung by ROBERT, 2d by GERARD.

1. Since you laugh at a sigh-ing lov - er, Of rudeness you must not com - plain; Should you
 2. You'll re - pent hav - ing thus a - bus - ed us, Don't look surprised, we tell you true; For the

p *staccato.*

The musical notation for the first verse shows the vocal lines for Robert and Gerard. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of D major, and is marked *p* and *staccato*. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

to..... your cost dis - cov - er, Our bold-ness e - quals your dis - dain.
 kiss..... you have re - fused us, In - stead of one we will take two.

The musical notation for the second verse shows the vocal lines for Robert and Gerard. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of D major. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

You have heard, beau-ty thieves can make, soon - er than gold. You shall find
 What you de - ny us, we will take a hun - dred fold, Coy - ness can

f

The musical notation for the third verse shows the vocal lines for Robert and Gerard. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of D major, and is marked *f*. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

MAIDS OF HONOR. (*recreating in alarm.*)
Allegro Moderato.

that for beau-ty's sake Cow - ards grow bold. What does this mean, were ev - er seen such naugh-ty
 beauty's kiss - es make Dear - er than gold.

f *p* *cres - - - cen - - -*

boys as these be - fore! You naughty boys, give o'er..... no more!

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *do.* *sempre.* *f* *f*

MAIDS OF HONOR.

No more, Give o'er!

PAGES.
 If we are naughty boys, We long for pret - ty toys; You've called us by a

mf *cres.*

cres. CHORUS.

name we will no long - er shame, You've called them by a name They will no long - er

Sya

f *mf*

cres.

shame. If they are naughty boys, they long for pret - ty toys, They long for pret - ty toys, If they are

Sya

f

naugh - ty boys, They long for pret - ty toys, They long for pret - ty toys.

Sya

f

During this number the Pages attempt to kiss the Maids of Honor playfully, who retreat in alarm. N. B. This alarm is not serious, but playful. The scene should be acted with archness and vivacity. In the midst of the confusion enter MONTALAND, and FRIMOUSSE.

Enter C., MONTALAND and FRIMOUSSE.

MONTALAND. Come, come, my young lords-in-waiting, what is the matter here? What do you want?

FRIMOUSSE. A little dry bread and discipline, perhaps.

GERARD. We want justice! We won't be called little boys.

MONT. At the mature age of fifteen?

GASTON. The young Duke de Parthenay was one of us yesterday, and he's no older—

MONT. Really!

ROBERT. Yes, and he's going to be married!

FRI. Silence! (*Scandalized.*)

GER. This very night, here in the chapel of Versailles, to the noble lady, Blanche de Cambry.

MONT. The bridegroom is a trifle young, I admit, but then it's a political matter. There are reasons—grave and mighty ones.

ROBT. We don't want any reasons—

GAS. No, we want to be married, like the young duke—

GER. Yes, to the maids of honor!

ALL. All of us!

FRI. Well, well, give us time to think it over.

MONT. And give the ladies your hands with a good grace to join in the procession. (*Bell strikes twelve.*) Hark! The bells are ringing midnight—the hour for the wedding.

FRI. And you are to return this way after the ceremony—don't forget—to have the honor—

GER. Yes, yes, we understand.

(*Chorus. Exeunt pages, maids of honor, lords and ladies in waiting.*)

MONT. (*R.*) Well, my sable sheepskin, my horn-book in black-letter—

FRI. Well, good master cut-and-thrust.

MONT. You stay away from the chapel, it seems.

FRI. Why not? The bridal party will come back for the ball. I'll wait for them here, Monsieur de Montaland.

MONT. (*laughing.*) To brood over your wrongs?

FRI. My wrongs?

MONT. Oh, you have my sympathy. Thanks to this marriage, you are thrown out of employment.

FRI. (*Angrily.*) Employment?

MONT. As tutor to the young duke, I mean.

FRI. Employment? Well, so it is. I am not ashamed of it. It's no worse than yours. You teach him to handle a sword, carte and tierce, and all the rest of it. From me he acquires a knowledge of Greek and Latin. *Musa*, a muse; *Musæ*, of a muse; *Musæ*, to, or for, a muse; *Musam*, a muse—

MONT. (*Interrupting.*) Agreed, agreed, good Mentor! But once married, trust me, your pupil will neglect—

FRI. That may or may not be. Meantime, I beg you will observe—

MONT. What, my noble Cadmus?

FRI. I beg you will observe that I am called neither Mentor nor Cadmus. My parents adorned me with a name—

MONT. A name! Frimousse!

FRI. Nicholas Frimousse. I won't say that had I been allowed to choose—but there is no help for it. Frimousse is my name, and Frimousse I would be called.

MONT. I changed it merely out of politeness, I assure you.

FRI. Sir, I insist.

MONT. As you please. I was saying, my dear Frimousse, that this marriage affects us both; you now become a nobody, a mere cipher, nothing, nothing but a name!

FRI. Thank you! Go on, go on.

MONT. As for your pupil, you must hand him over to me.

FRI. (*Sneering.*) To you! (*Laughs.*)

MONT. To me and to his wife. She will tie up his sword with ribbons; from me he will learn how to use it. I shall make no scholar of him, Frimousse; no scholar, but a soldier.

FRI. So much the worse for him, then! For the scholar is the better man of the two!

MONT. What's that?

FRI. I say the scholar is the better—

MONT. You need not repeat it.

FRI. What was the use of asking, then?

MONT. Come, come, Frimousse, in downright earnest, surely you won't maintain—

FRI. I will maintain it in prose and verse, in acrostic and in madrigal, in choice Latin of the Augustan age, in the corrupt Latin of Antoninus.

MONT. Why, you withered old papyrus-leaf, you little dream what it is to be a soldier!

FRI. Barbarian! you could never be a scholar if you tried.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE SOLDIER.

No. 2.

DUETT. Frimousse & Montaland.

Moderato

mf FRIMOUSSE.

MONTALAND.

phil-o-soph-ic thought, The scholar turns th' historic page. By glory's in-spi-ration taught, The sol-dier

FRIMOUSSE.

glows, the soldier glows with warlike rage. O'er lexi-con or learned tome, He loves the midnight hour to

mf MONTALAND. FRIMOUSSE.

spend. He longs for foes to o-ver-come, Or post of danger to de-fend. And leaves a-pamphlet to re-

mf MONTALAND. *f*

-cord His la - bors for poster - i - ty. And looks for no more sweet re - ward Than death 'mid

mf *f* *f*

FRIMOUSSE. $\text{♩} = 94.$ MONTALAND.

shouts of vic - to - ry. Peace - ful is the schol - ar's life, Glo - rious is the mar - tial

f *f*

FRIMOUSSE. MONTALAND.

strife! Hear how he pars - es and trans - lates. See how his foes he ex - ter - min -

Hear how he pars - es and trans - lates!..... A - mo, I
 -ates, His foes how he ex - ter - min - ates!..... True son of Mars, proud of glory's

f *fp*

love you, A - mas, thou lov - est me, A - mat, he loves too.
 scars, Hap-py but in wars, Hap-py but in wars. What more joy - ous sound can

Love to all is free! A - mo..... Ti - ty - re tu pa - tu - læ Re - cu -
 be Than the shout of vic - to - ry, Than the shout, the shout of vic - to - ry, Than the

p *f*

bans sub teg - mi - ne. Ti - ty - re tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ re - cu - bans re - cu -

shout, the shout of victo - ry, What more glo - rious sound can be Than the shout, than the

mf

-bans sub teg - mi - ne. Ti - ty - re tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ re - cu - bans re - cu -

shout of vic - to - ry. What more glo - rious sound can be Than the shout, than the

mf

-bans sub teg - mi - ne sub teg mi - ne re - cu - bans re - cu - bans sub teg - mi - ne !

shout of vic - to - ry, of victo - ry, Than the shout, than the shout of vic - to - ry !

rall. a tempo. rall. f

RECIT. MONTALAND.

By my faith, when I think a - gain, What you say... is ve - ry true,.....

Allegro. ♩ = 132.

FRIMOUSSE.

... No man of learn - ing I despise, When so a - gree - a - ble as you. Then you a -

MONTALAND.

-gree? And yield to me? All his de-light in Reading and

writing, Po-et-ic flights long win - ter nights. See how he dips, he dips, he dips in ink his

pen and gai - ly writes, See how he dips, he dips, he dips in ink his pen and gai - ly writes. Un - til to-

FRIMOUSSE.

mf

-day I nev - er knew A sol - dier's claims with sense to view, My mind is changed by meet - ing

p *mf*

you. Then you a - gree? And yield to me? All his de-

MONTALAND. FRIMOUSSE.

p *Sra* *p*

-light in drill - ing and fight - ing From morning's dawn till set of sun. Then how he

Sra

rams, he rams, he rams, he rams his bul - let down his gun, Then how he rams, he rams, he

Sra

MONTALAND.

rams, he rams his bul - let down his gun. He dips his pen, he dips his pen, he dips his

Sra

cres *cen*

FRIMOUSSE.

pen, he dips his pen, He rams, he rams, he rams, he rams, he rams his bul - let down his

do. *sem* *pre*

molto cres.

gun, He rams, he rams,.... He rams, he

He dips, he dips.... He dips, he dips,.....

molto cres.

rams, he rams, he rams, he rams, He rams, he rams his bul - let down his

He dips, he dips, he dips, He dips in ink his pen and gai - ly

ff

Lento. *piu vivo. ♩ = 94.*

gun. Glo - rious is the mar - tial strife ! His foes how

writes. Peace - ful is the schol - ar's life ! Hear how he

Lento.

he ex - ter - min - ates, ex - ter - min - ates..... True son of Mars, Proud of glory's
 pars - es and trans - lates, how he trans - lates..... A - mo, I

f

scars, Happy but in wars, Happy but in wars! Hap - py but in war is he. What more
 love you, A - mas, thou lov - est me, A - mat, he loves too. Love to all is

glorious sound can be, Than the shout, the shout of vic - to - ry, Than the shout, the shout of vic - to -
 free! A - mo..... Ti - ty - re tu pa - - tu - læ Re - cu - bans sub teg - - mi -

tr *Sra* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

- ry, ... What more glo - rious sound can be Than the shout, than the shout of vic - to -

- ne. *Ti - ty - re tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ* Re - cu - bans, re - cu - bans sub teg - mi -

8va

- ry! What more glo - rious sound can be Than the shout, than the shout of victory, of victo -

- ne. *Ti - ty - re tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ tu pa - tu - læ* Re - cu - bans re - cu - bans sub tegmine, sub teg - mi -

- ry, Than the shout, than the shout of vic - to - ry!

- ne, re - cu - bans re - cu - bans sub teg - mi - ne!

FRIMOUSSE. So then—once out of my hands, my pupil is doomed to be a hero. Just wait till you get him, that's all!

MONTALAND. I shall not wait long.

FRI. Indeed!

MONT. The ceremony must be over—the Duke de Parthenay is now a married man.

FRI. Well?

MONT. A man, do you hear? He has done with books and done with tutors.

FRI. Has he, indeed? You think so?

MONT. Of course I do!

FRI. (*Sarcastic.*) Well! We shall see!

MONT. (*Mimicking.*) What do you mean by, "We shall see?"

FRI. (*Chuckling.*) I mean that we shall see! You say "he has done with books and done with tutors;" I merely tell you; "Well! We shall see!"

MONT. There is something more—some mischief. I see it in your eye!

FRI. Curse that eye of mine! It's so expressive. It never will keep a secret!

MONT. Out with it then!

FRI. My eye?

MONT. No—your secret.

FRI. Another time, my dear Montland, as you say, the ceremony is over and we must fly to pay our respects to the young Duke and his charming bride.

MONT. (*Aside.*) What deviltry is he concocting! We shall see—we shall see!

FRI. Your pardon, you were saying—

MONT. Another time, Frimousse, another time.

(*They wait R. front. Enter the pages, maids of honor, court lords and ladies, with the duke and duchess.*)

THE WEDDING RING SONG.

No. 3.

Maestoso.

CHORUS.

Here come the youthful bride and groom, Fast bound in Hymen's flow'ry chain, May love preserve its roses' bloom, Nor
dolce.

let their thorns give pain. They are ve - ry young it is true, Too young by far, between me and

you. They'll have time their bar - gain to rue, Or joy - ful - ly love's bonds re - new, Each year of

SONG.
Allegretto.

joy love's bonds re - new.....

f
espress.
rall.

DUKE. ♩ = 52.

1. Of our childish rap - ture jealous, Old folks sneer and shake the head, Laughing at our love, they tell us
2. Age will come full soon, my fairest, Chill De - cem - ber fol - lows June, Ear - ly fruits and flow'rs are rar - est,

pp

We are far too young to wed. Too young is not a fault so great, Too soon is better than too late;
Let us pluck them while they bloom. Let dull de - lay with prudence mate, Love is not love that comes too late;

p

Then why should grey beards bid us tar - ry, Why thus our lov - ing haste re - prove? They are not too young to marry,
Then let them all go to old Har - ry, Their prudence shan't our bliss re - move. We are old e - nough to marry,

mf *pp*

rall. *a tempo.* *ad lib.*

Who are old e - nough to love, They are not too young to marry, Who are old e - nough to love.
Since we're not too young to love, We are old e - nough to marry, Since we're not too young to love. :

rall. *a tempo.* *pp*

mf CHORUS. *f*

They are not too young to mar - ry, Who are old e - nough to love.....

mf *f* *f*

FRIMOUSSE. (*Advancing to C. and bowing low.*) My dear pupil—Monseigneur.

DUKE. (*Carelessly.*) What, old Frimousse, is that you?

FRI. Most heartily I congratulate.

DUKE. Yes, I am out of your infernal clutches forever. I deserve to be heartily congratulated.

FRI. Oh, Monseigneur—(*Retires up, discomfited.*)

(*Montland advances and bows.*)

DUKE. Welcome, Monsieur de Montaland. My dear wife, this is my truest friend. It was he who first put my foot in the stirrup, who first buckled on my sword. Love me, love de Montaland!

DUCHESS. (*Giving hand to de M.*) With all the heart I have left. (*Montaland kisses her hand.*)

FRI. (*at back R. aside.*) Out of my clutches forever? Are you, indeed? We shall see, oh, we shall see! (*going.*)

MONT. (*who has taken leave of Duke and Duchess crossing to Frimousse.*) Where are you going?

FRI. (*Savagely.*) Where I have business—important business.

MONT. Very odd! That's just where I was going! come, we'll go together! (*Takes his arm and drags him off R.*)

(*Music.*)

DUKE. (*Aside to Duchess.*) Now for the congratulations—the hand-shaking and the kissing! There is no escape!

(*Chorus etc. come down two and two, passing before Duke and Duchess. The pages shake the Duke's hand. The maids of honor kiss the Duchess.*)

DUKE. } (*Receiving congratulations.*) My dear Gerard!

DUCHESS. } My dear Helene! Messieurs! Mesdames! Deeply touched, I assure you! We thank you most sincerely!

DUKE. (*Aside.*) Thank Heaven! That's over!

(*Chorus groups about Duke and Duchess.*)

CHORUS—*Lords and ladies, pages and maids of honor.*

And now by custom patriarchal,
While bridesmaids smile and bright eyes sparkle,
You and Madame must give the signal,
The signal for the ball!
Yes, upon you the task must fall!

LITTLE DUKE. Since it is the custom, Madame, accept my hand.

DUCHESS. Most willingly at your command!

GAVOTTE danced by Little Duke and Duchess.

BALLET AND CHORUS.

No. 4.

GAVOTTE.

Tempo di Gavotte. ♩ = 116.

rall.
tr
a tempo.
tr
tr
mp

tr
tr
f
rall.

CHORUS. (During dance.)

a tempo.
mf
p

See the youth-ful pair ad - vanc - ing, Mov - ing thro' the maz - zy dance; Mu - sic's

pp
(Closed mouth.)

strains their grace en - hanc - ing, Love and joy in ev' - ry glance.....

First system of music, measures 1-5. The top staff is a single line with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a few notes and rests. The bottom staff is a grand staff with treble and bass clefs and a key signature of one sharp. It features a complex piano accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including trills and slurs.

Second system of music, measures 6-10. The top staff continues with a few notes and rests. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Measure 7 includes the marking *a tempo.* and *tr* (trill) above the treble staff. Measure 8 includes the marking *p* (piano) below the treble staff. Measure 9 includes the marking *tr* (trill) above the treble staff.

Third system of music, measures 11-15. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Measure 11 includes the marking *f* (forte) below the bass staff. Measure 12 includes the marking *rall.* (rallentando) below the bass staff. Measure 13 includes the marking *tr* (trill) above the treble staff. Measure 14 includes the marking *tr* (trill) above the treble staff. Measure 15 includes the marking *ff* (fortissimo) below the bass staff.

CHORUS.
animato.

See the youthful pair ad -

- vancing, Mov - ing thro' the maz - zy dance, Mov - ing thro', Mov - ing thro', Mov - ing thro' the maz - zy

dance: Mu - sic's strains their grace en - hanc-ing, Love and joy in ev' - ry glance, Love and joy, Love and

joy, Love and joy in ev' - ry glance.....

(After dance, clinking of gold is heard in ante room.)

ENSEMBLE.*Allegro molto.*

List-en to the gold-en clink-ing, Hopes and fears al-ter-nate rise. While we wait, thus id-ly

thinking, We may lose a golden prize; At the mag-ic of its clinking, Fick-le for-tune smiles or flies. 'Tis a

king-ly game, 'Tis a king-ly game we play, Haste and join it, pray, 'Tis the fash-ion of to-

day, Come and join it, Come, come and join it, come and play! 'Tis the king - ly :

f

f

game, 'tis the game of Lansque - net.....

p

Exeunt all the lords and ladies, pages and maids of honor, into salon at back, leaving duke and duchess.

morendo.

mp

(DUKE and DUCHESS ensemble.)

DUKE. What to me the tempting clinking
Of the golden spoils of play?
I'm of other matters thinking
Than the game of lansquenet.

DUCHESS. Something serious sets him thinking.
Does he own my beauty's sway?
He foregoes the joys of clinking
Gold at game of lansquenet!

DUKE. "The clinking of the gold"! Pshaw! who cares
for it? Not I!

DUCHESS. Nor I!

DUKE (starting). Ah! Madame!

DUCHESS. Monseigneur!

DUKE (embarrassed). They have left us — quite — alone.

DUCHESS (looking off c.). Not quite!

DUKE. No, these are not our apartments.

DUCHESS. Our apartments?

DUKE. I mean those we are to live in here in the
château.

DUCHESS (sighing). Are you quite sure we shall ever live
in them?

DUKE. Of course; why not?

DUCHESS. We have never seen our new apartments, you
know, and this morning, when I asked my uncle to let me
take a peep at them, he laughed in my face.

DUKE. Did he? Then I'll tell you why he laughed, and
why everybody laughs at us. It is because we are so shy.

DUCHESS. Do you think so?

DUKE. That is, you are shy. For I am a man, and men
are never afraid of anything. Look at me! I'm as bold —
as bold — as any lion! (Crosses to c., takes her hand and
kisses it timidly, then returns to R. hastily.)

DUCHESS (with admiration). I never knew you were half
so brave!

DUKE. You can be brave, too, if you only think so, — if
you will only try!

DUCHESS. But I don't know how to begin.

DUKE. I'll tell you. Begin by thinking how you would
speak to me if we had been married twenty years.

DUCHESS. Twenty years! A long time, monseigneur!

DUKE. "Monseigneur"! That will never do! You
must speak more tenderly. Say something more like this
(crossing, and taking both her hands): "My dear Blanche,
your dress is charming!" There, now it is your turn. You
must answer.

DUCHESS. But what shall I say?

DUKE. Oh, anything will do to begin with.

DUCHESS. Well, then, my dear — (stops short). Oh, no,
I can't.

DUKE. Try! Begin over, again!

DUCHESS (going to DUKE and timidly imitating his former
action). "My dear Fabrice, your dress is charming!"

DUKE. There, what could be easier?

DUCHESS (delighted). I really did it, didn't I?

DUKE. And now for something more difficult. Let me
see — "your dress is charming."

DUCHESS. You said that before, — so did I.

DUKE. Wait! I have not done. Your dress is charm-
ing, but you are more charming than your dress.

DUCHESS. Oh, what a pretty compliment. I never could
say that.

DUKE. No, it is too easy. Let us try something else. I
will ask a question, you shall answer it.

DUCHESS. What question?

DUKE. Promise that you will answer it.

DUCHESS. Well, then, I promise.

DUKE. This is my question — do you love me?

DUCHESS. Oh! (Hides her face in his arms.)

DUKE. Well, my dear Blanche, your answer! (Pause.)
Well, why don't you answer?

DUCHESS (timidly). I — I — don't know what to say.

DUKE. Say, "Yes, Fabrice, I love you!"

DUCHESS. Oh! I could never say that!

DUKE. Yes, you can if you try! Now say it after me.

TRUE LOVE.

No. 5.

DUET, — Duke and Duchess.

Moderato ed espressivo. ♩. = 69.

The musical score is for a duet in 6/8 time, key of D major. It begins with a piano introduction marked *pp*. The vocal lines for the Duke and Duchess enter with the lyrics "I love thee! Is that hard to say?.... I love thee! Ah! re-peat it, I pray!.... I love thee!". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The tempo is indicated as "Moderato ed espressivo" with a quarter note equal to 69 beats.

vibrato.

If to say it you don't try, Your lov - - - er at your

The first system of the musical score is in A major (three sharps). The vocal line begins with a half note 'If', followed by a quarter note 'to', an eighth note 'say', and a quarter note 'it'. This is followed by a half note 'you', an eighth note 'don't', and a quarter note 'try,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a long note for the word 'er' marked with a 'vibrato.' instruction.

rit. dim. pp a tempo.

feet will die. Then try! Ah, try! I love thee, I love thee, I

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note 'feet', a quarter note 'will', an eighth note 'die.', and a quarter note 'Then'. This is followed by a half note 'try!', an eighth note 'Ah,', and a quarter note 'try!'. The piano accompaniment features a more complex pattern with some chords. The system ends with a half note 'I' marked with 'rit.', 'dim.', and 'pp' (pianissimo), followed by a 'a tempo.' instruction.

molto cres. f a tempo.

love thee, I love thee, I love thee, I love thee!

The third system features a more dynamic piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note 'love', a quarter note 'thee,', an eighth note 'I', and a quarter note 'love'. This is followed by a half note 'thee,', an eighth note 'I', and a quarter note 'love'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking and a 'f' (forte) marking. The system concludes with a half note 'thee!' marked 'a tempo.'.

DUCHESS.

Tell me now— tell me now, do you love me, dearest? Please, do not ask, Please do not

DUKE.

ask me to try. You must speak, yes, you must speak, For my heart you will break, If you

do not to an-swer me, try. Come, be not shy, Be not

Well then, yes, I will try, Yes, I will try,

shy, be not shy. Then dear - -

try, Are you con - tent to hear me say: I will try? I will try?

p

- - - est, say af - ter me, Af - ter me,

Yes, dear - - - est, af - ter thee, Af - ter

rall.

a tempo. con passione.

af - ter me, I love thee! 'Tis not hard to say,.... I

thee, af - ter thee!.... I love thee! 'Tis not hard to say,.... I

mf

love thee! 'Tis not hard to say.... I love thee! With joy I

die,..... I love thee! And would glad - ly die, to tell thee with my lat - est

vibrato. *rall.*

sigh,..... I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! I love thee! I love thee!

a tempo. *f*

During the Ensemble, the Duchess is in the Little Duke's arms. At the end he kisses her. Enter Helene and another maid

a tempo.

(Enter HELENE, L. C. door.)

HELENE. Monseigneur, madame, pray pardon me, I am in the way —

DUKE. } (separating hastily.) Not at all, not at all.

HELENE. I am sent here to separate you.

DUCHESS. Separate us?

HELENE. By your uncle's orders, mademoiselle, madame, I mean. He is waiting for you, there.

DUKE. Oh, is that all? My dear Blanche, go to him at once.

DUCHESS. But —

DUKE. And I will follow you.

HELENE. On no account, monseigneur.

DUKE. (laughing.) Oh, very well, then I will wait here.

HELENE. (Aside.) Poor boy! If he knew!

DUCHESS. You will wait here — in this room!

DUKE. Here, and nowhere else.

DUCHESS. (to Helene.) Come, then. (to Duke) I won't be long. (turns at door, L. The pages appear in C. arch at back. Duke, R. front, throws kiss to Duchess. Exeunt Duchess and Helene, L. The pages come down, C.)

ROBERT. What, you are alone?

DUKE. Yes.

ROBERT. Poor fellow! His wife has left him.

GERARD. What? Already? (All laugh.)

DUKE. Laugh, if you like; I am not afraid of losing her. She will come back —

GERARD. Come back? Why don't you follow?

DUKE. They have sent for her; more of their stupid etiquette, I suppose; more ceremony. I'm tired of it!

LOVE LOST AND FOUND.

No. 6.

SONG. Duke.

Presto. ♩ = 168.

f

p

1 When the wedding bells pro - claim the nup - tial day, With his blushing bride the
2. When at length your guests make read - y to be gone, Some old talking mag - pie

bridegroom struts so gay, But when midnight chimes and calls the bride a - way,
holds you all a - lone, Spite of your im - patience and your fume and fuss,

poco moderato.

Straight-laced et - i - quette com - pels the groom to stay, 'Tis not po - lite your
Takes you in a cor - ner, groans and chat - ters thus: "Per - - mit your friend to

com - pa - ny to leave,... Who all the while laugh at you in the sleeve; You
com - pli - ment your taste,... And warn you ne'er your precious time to waste, But

poco rit. *a tempo.*

must re - main with for - ti - tude and try..... To seem not to count the
still im - prove the moments as they fly.".... The old fool can't see you

poco rall. *mf a tempo.*

moments as they fly, And make up in the fu - ture for lost time gone by.
wish he'd let you try To make up in the fu - ture for lost time gone by. (*Exit Duke.*)

(At end of song, exit DUKE, L.)

GERARD. That's all very well, but without etiquette there would be no court.

ROBERT. Without the court where should we be?

GER. And where would the court be without us? (They come down L. front. Frimousse rushes in, R.)

FRI. My pupil, the duke, not here — then where is he? (C.)

GER. He left us just now, to find his wife.

FRI. (laughing.) His wife?

ROBT. Of course, why shouldn't he?

FRI. Ah! Monseigneur! you must run fast, if you would find her, faster than a pair of post horses —

GER. What?

FRI. From the stable of our good king, Louis Fourteenth of the name!

ROBT. Then this marriage —

FRI. Ha! ha! All a mockery!

ROBT. Then why were they married at all?

FRI. For the best of all good reasons — an enormous fortune, that would otherwise have passed out of their reach;

but now that they are fast married, now that this fortune is secured, in consideration of the extreme youth of the contracting parties —

GER. Well?

FRI. They are to be separated for the space of two whole years.

THE PAGES. Two years!

FRI. To be passed by the young Duchess at the convent-school of the noble Chanoinesse de Lausac. As for Monseigneur, his charge will be resumed by me, a very pleasing duty.

THE PAGES. (groaning.) Oh!

FRI. We shall try to improve a little our knowledge of the Latin language, which is still most imperfect.

GER. Poor Fabrice!

FRI. (who has gone up, R.) Here he comes. I perceive that he has heard the news, and truth compels me to state that he looks far from gratified — far from gratified!

(Enter the Little Duke from C., stops a moment at door. Frimousse advances with mocking bow. Duke turns his back upon him, and comes down C. slowly.)

CHORUS OF PAGES.

No. 7.

Allegretto Moderato. ♩ = 66.

Poor lit-tle man, how sad-ly He hangs his drooping head; But now he laughed so gladly, A

bridegroom newly wed! A bridegroom fooled as this is, Was nev-er seen be-fore, ne'er seen be-fore, He

longed for maiden kiss - es, And found a bolted door. Poor lit - tle man, 'tis pi - ty,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the fifth measure of the piano part.

And pi - ty 'tis, 'tis true, His bride so young and pret-ty, Has gone and bolted too! Poor lit - tle man, what

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the fifth measure of the piano part.

anguish, Ah, what a cruel fate, Condemned to pine and languish Two years without his mate! In sad suspense to

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note A5, a quarter note Bb5, a quarter note C6, and a half note D6. The piano accompaniment features a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

(FRIMOUSSE advances and bows again, DUKE enraged, threatens to strike him. FRIMOUSSE retreats to wall, L., DUKE follows threatening then returns, C.)

languish, Two years he'll have to wait. Poor lit - tle man, was lov - er

molto cres. *fz* *p*

E'er cheated so be - fore? For welcome, to dis - cov - er A locked and bolted door. Poor lit - tle man!

pp

Poor lit - tle man! Poor lit - tle man!

fz

FRIMOUSSE (*advancing as before*). Monseigneur —
 DUKE. Don't speak to me!
 FRIMOUSSE. But if you will permit —
 DUKE. Let me alone, I tell you! This is all your doing,
 and if you provoke me now —
 THE PAGES (*urging him on*). Give it to him, Fabrice!
 Give it to him!
 FRIMOUSSE. Monseigneur!
 DUKE. I'll give you the thrashing you deserve, you old
 muttonhead!
 THE PAGES. Hal hal! Good, good!
 FRIMOUSSE. Muttonhead! Can I believe my ears?
 DUKE. Every inch of them!

(*PAGES laugh.*)

FRIMOUSSE. This want of respect to your instructor! Go
 to your room, sir, and write me five hundred lines of Virgil!
 DUKE (*laughing*). Ho! ho! Five hundred lines of Virgil
 on my wedding-day! Why, you old idiot —
 FRIMOUSSE (*furiously*). I make them a thousand! A
 thousand, do you hear? You forget you are not out of my
 clutches yet.

(*Enter at back C. MONTALAND.*)

MONTALAND. A mistake, good Master Frimousse, he
 is out of them — forever!

FRIMOUSSE. But if I, as tutor to monseigneur —

MONTALAND. You are not tutor to monseigneur!

FRIMOUSSE. Well, if I have ceased to be —

MONTALAND. Well, you have ceased to be.

FRIMOUSSE. Perhaps you will kindly tell me who and
 what I am!

MONTALAND. With pleasure. The noble Chanoinesse de
 Lausac desires a new Latin professor for the convent school
 at Luneville. As this professor will have to instruct a score
 of susceptible young ladies, he must, of course, be very old
 and very ugly, in fact, thoroughly repulsive.

FRIMOUSSE. Well?

MONTALAND. Well, I said thoroughly repulsive. Is not
 that saying, in so many words, you are the man?

FRIMOUSSE. What?

MONTALAND. Here is the order, signed by the king him-
 self. (*Hands order.*) There must be no delay.

FRIMOUSSE (*after reading order, gloomily*). Very good, I
 will go. (*Going R.*)

GERARD. A pleasant journey, old Frimousse!

THE PAGES. A pleasant journey!

FRIMOUSSE (*at door R.*) I am going, but I shall complain,
 — I shall come back!

MONTALAND. Come back, by all means!

(*Exit FRIMOUSSE.*)

DUKE (*crossing to R. calls out after Frimousse*). And bring
 your five hundred lines with you, old chimpanzee! I shall
 never write them! (*returning to C. to Montaland*) shall I?

MONTALAND (*L.*). Never, monseigneur; but I have better
 news than that for you.

DUKE. You will give me back my wife?

MONTALAND. No, but the regiment which you com-
 mand —

DUKE. Yes, the one they gave my name.

MONTALAND. And of which you are the colonel —

DUKE. Colonel! They made a colonel of me, as they
 married me, only to be laughed at!

MONTALAND. Well, to console you for the loss of your
 wife, you are now to be made colonel in good earnest. Your
 regiment has been withdrawn from the campaign and awaits
 your orders here.

DUKE. Here?

MONTALAND. Certainly.

DUKE. My regiment? All my own? The drums and
 fifes and bugles, — the soldiers, the officers, and the drum-
 major? Oh, I hope there's a drum-major!

MONTALAND. Yes, my dear colonel.

DUKE. Colonel! Of my own regiment! (*After a
 moment's thought.*) And I may order it where I please, —
 surely it is my own?

MONTALAND. Surely, colonel.

DUKE. Monsieur de Montaland, you are not making game
 of me?

MONTALAND. I am in sober earnest — on my honor as a
 soldier. If you doubt my word, here come your officers.
 They will confirm it.

(*Music. The officers appear at back. Grand Chorus and
 Finale.*)

NO. 8.

CHORUS OF OFFICERS.

Moderato maestoso. ♩ = 78.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato maestoso' with a quarter note equal to 78 beats per minute. The first system of music is marked 'mf' and features a piano accompaniment with triplets in both hands. The second system continues the piano part, with a 'f' dynamic marking. The third system introduces the vocal line, with the lyrics 'Our' and 'Our' written below the notes. The fourth system is the beginning of the chorus, marked 'CHORUS.' and '♩ = 72'. The lyrics for this section are 'colon - el, see! Our colon - el, see! To him is our al - le - giance due,.... We'. The piano accompaniment continues with triplets and a 'mf' dynamic marking.

swear with truth and loy - al - ty.... To his commands o - bedience true.... Our

Colon - el see,.... Our Colon - el see,.... Our Col - on - el see!.... PIANO FORTE.

DUKE. MONTALAND.

You will fol - low where I lead? Yes, we

Then 'tis agreed, It is agreed, You'll follow where I
are your reg - i - ment indeed. Yes, 'tis a - greed, Yes, 'tis a - greed,

lead with promptitude and speed,.... Wher - ev - er I may lead, You will fol - low where I

MONTALAND.

lead. Yes, 'tis a - greed, Yes, 'tis agreed, Yes, we will fol - low where you lead.

DUKE.

MONTALAND.

DUKE.

MONTALAND.

You'll follow me?.... We fol - low thee, Where I shall lead ? Where you may

DUKE.

lead. Well then, well then, come on, come on,..... And

FINALE.*Presto.* ♩ = 162.

let your trum - pets, boot and sad - dle sound, By prom - ise you are bound,.... Your

colon - el to o - bey. As yet, there is no need for you to know What

DUKE.

route we have to go.... We must not wait for day, To horse, to.... horse and fol - low

me! The mat - ter, you shall see,.... ad - mits of no de - lay. Mount! gentlemen,

mount! and fol - low me! O - bey your Colonel's call! and fol - low him to-

(With enthusiasm.)

- day! O - bey your Colon - el's call!.....

And follow him to - day.....

CHORUS.

O - bey the Colonel's call! There's gal - lant work for

cres - - - cen - - -

all! We must not wait for day! But mount and ride a-way!

do.

DUKE & CHORUS.

..... Then let our trum - pets boot and sad - dle sound, By

promise we are bound Our Colon-el to o - bey. As yet, there is no need for us to

know, The route we are to go,..... But mount and ride a-way..... Sound trumpets boot and

Sya

saddle, For we must not wait for day! Sound trumpets, boot and sad - dle, Sound trumpets, boot and

Sya

sad - dle, Sound trum - pets, boot and sad - dle, For we must not wait for day, Sound trumpets,

Sya

boot and sad - dle, And to horse a - way!..... to horse a - way!

Sya

End of Act I.

ACT II.

NO. 9.

THE SINGING LESSON.

SCENE. — The school-room at Lunéville. CHANOINESSE DE LAUSAC discovered C. with back to audience, giving music lesson to pupils who are grouped in semicircle about her. She has a baton and music stand. The pupils sing from music books.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 88$.

PUPILS.

The praise of Cupid be our

theme, Who rules mankind with sway supreme. Far from sweet content remov'd, Lives the heart that has not

loved. He has nev-er lived, He has nev-er lived, Ho has nev-er lived who has not loved, Has nev-er

lived who has not loved, He has nev-er lived who has not loved.

CHANOINESSE (turning and facing the audience). Weak, very weak, indeed. No life, no feeling, no accent. Come, my dear pupils, a little more expression. (Tapping with baton.) Attention! next. Mlle. de la Roche, your solo, if you please. (Gives signal. Symphony begins in Orchestra.)

(Mlle. de la Roche comes forward; music begins; Chanoinesse gives signal; Mlle. de la Roche takes no notice of it.)
 CHANOINESSE. Sing, sing, I tell you! Mlle. de la Roche (very timid and awkward, sings without expression.)
 Mlle. de la Roche.

Ah! how sweet the pleas - ing pain, When we wear love's rosy chain.

dolce. L.H.

CHANOINESSE (interrupting). That might pass for music, but as sentiment it was very feeble. Listen! (Sings passionately.)

Ah! how sweet the pleas - ing pain, When we wear love's rosy chain.

L.H.

(Interrupting herself.) Ah! if my royal ancestor were only here to sing it for you. You must know, my dear pupils, that the blood of the gallant Henry of Navarre courses through my veins. (Perceiving that they have left their places and are crowding about her, she taps with bâton.) Attention to our lesson! (Pupils return to places.) Mlle. de Champvert, it is your turn.

Mlle. de Champvert (advances, and sings timidly).

(Mlle. de Champvert breaks down.)

Syl - via, sweet as morn - ing air, If you....

fz

CHANOINESSE (stopping her). Horrible! horrible! and it is so easy,—the song of a love-sick shepherd. Try to analyze the shepherd's feelings: first we have a bar or two of preparation. (Sings.)

Syl - via, sweet as morn - ing air! If you leave me in des - pair.

p

Now, mademoiselle, continue.

MLLE DE CHAMPVERT.

Syl - via, sweet as morn - ing air, If you....

(Breaks down on the *F* sharp.) I can't. It's too hard. CHANOINESSE. What's this? Ill temper? Go back into the chorus, mademoiselle! You shall have no solo for a week. Mlle. Ste. Amande will take your place. (Mlle. Ste. Amande advances.) Now, then — pathos if you please, and emotion, plenty of emotion! (Mlle. Ste. Amande sings, the chanoinesse marking the time, and speaking, — “Very good! Stronger on the *F* sharp! Die away on the syncope! Recover at the sigh!”)

MLLE SAINT AMANDE.

Syl - via, sweet as morn - ing air! If you leave me in des - pair,

I must leave these shades, and soon I must leave these shades, and soon, Take a pil—

CHANOINESSE (ungrily tapping her desk). What is the meaning of this levity, mademoiselle?

MLLE. STE. AMANDE (showing her book). It is there, madame.

CHANOINESSE (taking the book). Where is it? (Looking.) Ah! ‘Take a pilgrim’s.’ (Singing with florid execution.)

DIRECTRESS.

take a pil— Take a pil - grim's hat and shoon, I..... must.... leave....

these.... shades, and soon Take a pil - grim's staff and shoon.

pp

CHANOINESSE. Now for the solfeggio. We will close with the solfeggio.
 (The pupils turn over leaves of books noisily. CHANOINESSE taps, and pupils go through the exercise mechanically, the chanoinesse marking the time.)

THE SOLFEGGIO.

PUPILS & DIRECTRESS.

Allegro moderato.

Sol re sol la re la si la sol la si do re, ten.

staccato,

p

do do si la do si si si la mi fa sol la sol fa mi fa re la

sol re sol la re la si la sol la re do re. mi re do re mi fa

p

Sol re si sol la si do la fa re mi fa sol fa sol la la la si do do sol la

mf

ten.

si si si do re si do re re re mi fa mi re do si la do si la sol fa mi

f

re re mi re mi re re mi re mi re re mi re mi re do re re mi fa

ten.

sol re sol la re la si la sol la si do re mi re do re mi fa

p

ten.

sol re si sol la si do la fa re mi fa sol sol si re si la la do mi do

f

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line features a melodic sequence of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present in the third measure.

si si re sol mi re mi re do si la sol sol si re si la la do mi do

pp

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues the melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment features block chords. A pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic marking is present in the third measure.

si si re sol mi re mi re do si la sol re si sol re si sol re si

dim.

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line continues the melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment features block chords. A diminuendo (*dim.*) dynamic marking is present in the fourth measure.

sol re si sol si sol re si re sol.

pp *ppp*

This system contains the final four measures of the piece. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment features block chords. Dynamics of pianissimo (*pp*) and pianississimo (*ppp*) are indicated.

CHANOINESSE (after the exercise). That will do for to-day.
(The pupils break the line and put away music books, etc.
Enter L. the GOVERNESS, DUCHESS DE PARTHENAY following.)

CHANOINESSE (R.). Well?

GOVERNESS (C.). The professor, madame, the new professor from Versailles.

CHANOINESSE. Has he arrived?

GOVERNESS. Yes, madame.

CHANOINESSE. Good, I will see him at once.

GOVERNESS. And here is the new pupil who came this morning.

CHANOINESSE. Ah! Madame la Duchesse de Parthenay.
(DUCHESS comes down L.)

THE PUPILS (at back, surprised). Madame la Duchesse!
CHANOINESSE (to Duchess). I leave you here among your new companions. Mademoiselle, madame, I mean, you will have time to make their acquaintance. Young ladies, this is the new pupil; be very kind to her. (L. C. to GOVERNESS, who follows.) What is the professor like?

GOVERNESS (sighing). Worse than the last one, madame.

CHANOINESSE. Old and ugly?

GOVERNESS. Very!

CHANOINESSE. I was sure of it. We must quarrel with him.

GOVERNESS. The sooner the better, madame. (They exeunt L. The pupils come down R.)

Mlle. DUVERNAY. "Kind to her"? Of course. (To Duchess.) I say, you're the new pupil, aren't you?

DUCHESS (L.). Yes.

Mlle. DE LA ROCHE. And they call you "madame." What's that for?

DUCHESS. Why, because I am married.

THE PUPILS. Married?

DUCHESS. Of course, to the Duke de Parthenay.

Mlle. DE CHAMPVERT. Then why are you sent here to school?

DUCHESS (sadly). Because we are to be separated for two long years. Think of it! In two years there are seven hundred and thirty days, and I don't know how many hours.

Mlle. DUVERNAY. Well, where's your husband?

DUCHESS. My husband?

Mlle. DUVERNAY. Why don't he come here, scale the wall, and carry you away on a coal-black horse? I would.

DUCHESS. He could never do that all alone.

Mlle. DE LA ROCHE. Then he isn't much of a husband.

THE PUPILS. No, indeed. (They cross to R. as Chanoinesse enters L.)

CHANOINESSE. Young ladies, the new Latin professor is coming up. You will, of course, treat him with due respect, though he is to my mind a very ill-looking person. I say this because I wish you to be above all prejudice, and to judge him for yourselves. (Calling at the door L.) Come in, Monsieur Frimousse.

DUCHESS (aside to pupils). My husband's tutor! It was he who sent me here. (Enter FRIMOUSSE, L.)

Mlle. DE CHAMPVERT (to Duchess). Are you sure?

DUCHESS. Yes.

Mlle. DE CHAMPVERT. Good! Then, girls, we'll make him sorry for it. (The pupils make signs of assent.)

CHANOINESSE (C.). My dear professor, pardon me for saying that your personal appearance is decidedly against you.

FRIMOUSSE (bowing). Madame—

CHANOINESSE. I do not wish to discourage you, but you have my opinion. As for the young ladies—

Mlle. DUVERNAY. We quite agree with you.

Mlle. DE LA ROCHE. I think he's an owl! Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!

THE PUPILS. Tu-whoo! To-whoo!

CHANOINESSE. Silence! I am pleased — ahem — you perceive that my pupils think as I do, — a coincidence as remarkable as it is rare. (A light laugh. Frimousse replies with a loud and forced one.) (Aside, shuddering.) Odious creature! (Aloud.) But appearances are sometimes deceptive. So you may begin the lecture at once.

FRIMOUSSE. Begin — what?

CHANOINESSE. Your course of lectures on Latin literature. What else were you sent here for? We are listening to you. Speak!

(The pupils move arm-chair forward for the chanoinesse, then bring benches to R. and stand in front of them in line, facing FRIMOUSSE.)

FRIMOUSSE. Immediately?

CHANOINESSE. Yes, tell us how much you know. Go on!

(FRIMOUSSE goes nervously to L. of table and prepares to speak. Drops books which he carries under his arm, stoops to pick them up and nearly overturns table. The pupils laugh.)

CHANOINESSE. Did you hurt yourself?

FRIMOUSSE (rubbing elbow). Yes, madame.

CHANOINESSE. No matter, it's of no consequence. You may begin. (Motions pupils to seats and sits C. the pupils sit R.)

FRIMOUSSE (more and more uneasy, sits L. of table). With your permission, your kind permission (coughs violently; pupils imitate him).

CHANOINESSE (to pupils). Silence! (To Frimousse.) Well, sir, we are waiting.

FRIMOUSSE (rising). Instructed by his most gracious Majesty to deliver at Lunéville a course of lectures upon Latin literature, I feel it to be my duty to begin at the beginning, that is, to explain what we mean by the term "literature." And first, to give you the history of language.

Mlle. DE CHAMPVERT. How stupid!

CHANOINESSE. I should think so!

FRIMOUSSE. Madame!

CHANOINESSE. A reflection, merely a reflection. Pay no attention to it; go on!

FRIMOUSSE. Before the invention of written characters, all nations spoke the same tongue, differing only in their methods of pronouncing it.

CHANOINESSE. You say that —

FRIMOUSSE (violently). I say that before the invention of written characters — written characters.

CHANOINESSE. I see, I see. (Aside.) He's very irritable. (To Frimousse.) Why do you hesitate? Pray go on!

FRIMOUSSE. Before he acquired the art of speaking, it is probable that man was for ages a dumb animal. (Chanoinesse rises.) That's not the end.

CHANOINESSE. Oh, I beg your pardon. (Sits as before.)

FRIMOUSSE. Communicating ideas by certain movements of the body (strikes absurd attitude), or certain facial expressions. For instance, after a good dinner his feelings would have been thus expressed (his face assumes an expression of delight and he gives a sigh of satisfaction). Ah!

PUPILS (imitating him). Ah!

FRIMOUSSE. That signified pleasure or delight. While if his dinner disagreed with him (expression of intense disgust). Ah!

PUPILS (as before). Ah!

FRIMOUSSE. That signified pain or disgust. Hence we conclude that until overcome by the complexity of his own ideas — (Buzle call outside.)

CHANOINESSE (rising). A grateful interruption! What can it mean? (Enter GOVERNESS, C.)

GOVERNESS. Madame, madame —

CHANOINESSE. Well?

GOVERNESS. We are besieged — surrounded by dragoons!

PUPILS (rising, delighted). Dragoons? (They clear stage, moving back benches, chairs, etc.)

CHANOINESSE. Dragoons?

GOVERNESS (C.). Yes, madame, the Regiment de Parthenay.

DUCHESS (R.). My husband's regiment!

CHANOINESSE. Now I understand.

GOVERNESS. They have sent an officer with a flag of truce.

CHANOINESSE. Well, he may come in.

(Exit GOVERNESS, C.)

DUCHESS. Fabrice! It is Fabrice! He has come for me!

CHANOINESSE. Take care, madame! Do not provoke me, or —

(Re enter GOVERNESS, C.)

GOVERNESS. The officer, madame!

(Enter C. DE MONTALAND and four trumpeters, all with bandaged eyes.)

55
"THE COMPACT."

SONG

No. 10. ENSEMBLE.

ALLEGRO MODERATO,

Piano introduction for 'The Compact'. The music is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, and marked *Allegro Moderato*. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a melody with eighth-note triplets and sixteenth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with similar triplet figures. The introduction concludes with a final chord.

DUCHESS & YOUNG LADIES.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry. The vocal line (soprano) begins with the lyrics "Here they come! lead them by the hand!.....". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a trill (*tr*) in the right hand. The music is in B-flat major, 4/4 time.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry. The vocal line (soprano) continues with the lyrics "Lead them on! what is their demand?..... With blind-folded eyes they can't". The piano accompaniment maintains the piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a trill (*tr*). The music is in B-flat major, 4/4 time.

A YOUNG LADY.

TOGETHER.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the final section. The vocal line (soprano) begins with the lyrics "see. Come a-long, come and play with me at blindman's buff, at blindman's buff, Oh! come and play and play with". The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The music is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, and concludes with a double bar line.

Allegro vivo.

me. Catch me! Try! oh! pray take care or you will

tumble. Catch me! try! or in the darkness you will tumble. Catch me!

try! you can - not catch us as we cry, catch me, try, catch me, try, catch me, try!

MONTALAND & TRUMPETERS.

We wait... our chance to lead you such a dance, We wait... our chance

YOUNG LADIES.

to lead you such a dance! Catch me, try! On - ly try! catch me, try! on - ly try!

f *D. C. al fine.*

Moderato.

MONTALAND.

My colonel's orders I o - bey,.... It is his

fz

wife I come to take a - way! Then give her up.... without any de - lay,.... His request is most

DUCHESS.

YOUNG LADIES.

just,.... as I really must say. I really must agree, I really must a - gree. We agree! all of us a -

Sva. *p* *tr*

DUCHESS.

- gree, You see, you see that he has real-ly sent for me, he has really, real-ly come for

Sva

DIRECTRESS.

me. From the King to my hand by an or - der you came, Until releas'd by him, here you must still remain.

p

MONTALAND.

ad lib.

You here remain, yes, here you must re - main.... My demand then you dis - dain?....

Allegro moderato.

DIRECTRESS.

ad lib.

Ventre saint gris! What do I see! Do you in-tend to menace

f

59
SONG.

MODERATO. $\text{♩} = 69.$

MONTALAND.

me! To menace you, I am not here to menace you,... Don't
Re - fuse, and then with - out de - lay,... The

p *pp* *p* *a tempo.*

think I ev - er can for - get The rev - er - ence and homage due.... to ladies and to et - i -
bat - tle shall at once be - gin, The can - non shot shall mow the way,... and bul - lets.. shall pour

- quette! My Colonel sends me here to - day, And said, "be most po - lite I pray, Be
in! And so be - fore we come to blows, I make my bow and point my toes, And

sure to make your de - mand, With hat in hand, with hat in hand, make your demand with hat in
there - fore make my de - mand, With hat in hand, with hat in hand, make my demand with hat in

rall. *a tempo*

hand, with hat in hand,..... But give her well to un - der - stand..... That you have
hand, with hat in hand,..... Bnt clearly you must un - der - stand..... I have the

rall. *p*

DIRECTRESS. MONTALAND.

my express com - mand Her la - dy-ship to capture by assault." Me by assault? "If she re -
Duke's express com - mand Your la - dy-ship to capture by assault. Me by assault? If you re -

DIRECTRESS. MONTALAND.

- fu - ses my de - mand,.... Her la - dy-ship to capture by as - sault." Me by assault? "If she re -
-fuse our just de - mand,.. Your la - dy-ship to capture by as - sault. Me by assault? If you re -

- fu - ses my de - mand."
-fuse our just de - mand.

MONTALAND. If you refuse our just demand. And now, madame, I await your answer.

CHANOINESSE. This is my answer. The blood of the gallant Henry of Navarre courses through my veins.

MONTALAND. It is written in the annals of France. Well, what more?

CHANOINESSE. That should be enough; but as you desire more I will add this, — that if you do not speedily leave us by that door, you will go out much more speedily by the window.

MONTALAND (*smiling*). By the window?

CHANOINESSE. Yes.

MONTALAND. Surely my flag of truce protects me; but even were that not the case, I am curious to learn how you would carry out —

CHANOINESSE. Very easily. We have a man among us. Monsieur Frimousse!

FRIMOUSSE (*L. front, starting*). Madame!

CHANOINESSE. Be kind enough to take this gentleman and throw him out of the window.

(MONTALAND laughs. The pupils urge on FRIMOUSSE.)

THE PUPILS. Come, Monsieur Frimousse!

MONTALAND (*laughing*). By all means! Come, Monsieur Frimousse!

FRIMOUSSE (*furious*). Madame, I beg to observe that I came here for a course in literature and not —

CHANOINESSE. Send for the gardener, the cook, the scullions!

MONTALAND. Ah, you call in your reserves! Very well, we retire in good order. I shall say to my colonel —

CHANOINESSE. Say to him that the king, my cousin, has placed the Duchess de Parthenay in my charge, and that in my charge she shall remain.

MONTALAND. And if you are besieged —

CHANOINESSE. We shall defend ourselves to the last.

MONTALAND. Why, this is war!

CHANOINESSE. To arms, then! War it is.

TO ARMS!

No. II.

Allegro non troppo. ♩ = 96.

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of "To Arms!". The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "To arms! to arms! to arms! to arms! to arms! to arms!". The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic and includes triplets in the right hand.

MONTALAND.

Musical score for Montaland's part of "To Arms!". The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "By force of arms, by force of arms, Since you have become so bold, Now". The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic and includes triplets in the right hand.

DIRECTRESS.

Musical score for the Directress's part of "To Arms!". The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "you shall see of war the charms, Its terrors we unfold. Yes, your threats are very". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic.

fine,..... But on our side is right. You shall see,..... what it is to fight The des-

rall. *a tempo.* CHORUS.
 - cendant of a roy - - al line! To arms! to arms! to arms! to arms!.....

MONTALAND.
 Hear the battle cry resounding, See the en-e-my surrounding! There's no hope, for you are

lost, you are lost; Stern Bellona's shield and spear soon shall strike your hearts with fear, Soon shall strike, soon shall

strike Your hearts with fear! To arms! to arms! to arms! to

DIRECTRESS & CHORUS.

DIRECTRESS.
arms! Let your battle cry resounding Others strike with fear confounding, Soon will all be won or lost, won or lost.
DUCHESS.
arms! How the battle cry resounding Sets my heart with transport bounding, Soon will all be won or lost, won or lost.

MONTALAND & TRUMPETERS.

Stern Bellona's shield and spear Soon will strike your hearts with fear. When you see the danger near, How your hearts shall quake with

DIRECTRESS.

fear! Of Bel-lona's shield and spear, You shall see, I have, I..... have no

fear!

CHANOINESSE. Well, this is better than lecturing, there's more excitement in it. Come, Monsieur Frimousse, bestir yourself.

FRIMOUSSE. Madame, I —

CHANOINESSE. Look to your weapons! We have arms enough and to spare. Distribute them among the servants, take command yourself, and prepare for the siege!

FRIMOUSSE. But, madame —

CHANOINESSE. This is no time to waste words.

FRIMOUSSE (*emphatically*). But I insist upon calling your attention to the fact that I came here for a course in literature, and not —

CHANOINESSE (*pushing Frimousse toward door L.*). You will obey orders and try to pluck up a little courage, or you shall be supplied with it.

FRIMOUSSE (*going L.*). I came here for a course in literature — (*Pupils laugh.*) (*Exit L.*)

DUCHESS. This is shameful, shameful!

CHANOINESSE (*L.*). What is shameful?

DUCHESS. This commotion about nothing. A siege, soldiers, war! When, by giving me up —

CHANOINESSE. Silence!

DUCHESS. I say it is absurd!

PUPILS. So it is!

CHANOINESSE (*to Governess*). Be kind enough to take Madame la Duchesse de Parthenay to her own room.

DUCHESS. To my room?

CHANOINESSE. And lock the door.

DUCHESS. I won't stir!

PUPILS. We won't allow it!

CHANOINESSE. You will not allow it?

PUPILS. No!

CHANOINESSE. Henry of Navarre, inspire me! Grant me one glance of thine eagle eye — but one! (*Advances toward pupils who retreat R. before her. She strikes attitude with threatening gesture. Exit Duchess R. meekly. Governess follows her.*)

CHANOINESSE. Who dares object? Who, I say? (*Bell rings violently outside.*) What noise is this? More excitement! Well, it's better than lecturing!

PUPILS. So it is.

CHANOINESSE. Rather amusing, perhaps, than otherwise! (*Ring repeated.*) Again? What is the matter? (*Crosses to L.*)

(*Re-enter GOVERNESS, C.*)

GOVERNESS. Madame, a poor peasant girl comes to ask for shelter. She is pursued by the enemy; they threaten to shoot her for a spy.

CHANOINESSE. A peasant girl? She shall have our protection. Send her to me.

GOVERNESS. She is here, madame.

(*Enter C., DUKE, disguised as a peasant girl, with cap, basket, etc.*)

DUKE. Safe at last! Safe and sound! (*Courtesies.*) Good luck and many thanks to you, madame, you opened the door in time, or else where should I be now? Ha! ha! (*Laughs idiotically.*)

CHANOINESSE. Is the young person an idiot?

DUKE. Idiot? Idiot yourself! Do you think I didn't see them — a whole regiment? Perhaps not.

MILLE DE LA ROCHE. And you ran away?

DUKE. Yee, mamzelle!

MILLE DE CHAMPVERT. And they ran after you?

DUKE. Didn't they, though! Wait, I'll tell you!

SONG OF THE PEASANT.

No. 12.

Duke.

Allegro vivo. ♩ = 148.

Dear ladies list my simple song. Like me you'll

tremble when you hear how artless maids may suffer wrong, And own I've had good cause for fear. I am the niece of Aunt Ger-

-vais, whose cottage from the hill looks down. She sends me ev'-ry market - day to sell her new laid eggs in town. This morning,

as I came a - way, She cautioned me of soldiers seen With un - i - form and feathers gay, Encamped within The forest

Green. "My child," she cried, "my warning take, Or dear - ly you may rue the is - sue Don't run and fall, your eggs to

break, nor loiter, lest the soldiers kiss you." "Don't be afraid, dear aunt," I cried, And o'er my arm my basket flung, Then hasten'd

p *sf*

Piu lento. *a tempo.*

down the mountain side, While louder than the birds I sang, "Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la". But near the

mf

cov-ert of the wood I sud-den ceased my joy-ous tune, For in the path before me stood Oh! such a handsome, young dra-

p

-goon. I turned to fly; my helpless feet With fear were rooted to the ground. I tried to sing; my voice, though sweet, could only

fal - ter forth the sound, "Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. The reg - i - ment I soon de-

-sried. My fright im - ag - ine, dear - est miss - es, With young dragoons on ev'ry side, Eager for new laid eggs and kiss - es.

At first I hoped to pass un-seen And tripped a-long with modest haste, When, darting from the leafy screen, A soldier

clasped me round the waist; A moment more, and round me flocked drum-major, sergeant, pi-o-neer. Young ladies, how you would be

shocked! The naughty things, they said, to hear "Ta ra ta ta" The trumpets sound, Where are you going, pret-ty maid? "Ta ra ta ta

ta. I turned around, "To market with my eggs" I said. "A capture!" cries a wicked rake. "A chance like this no soldier

a tempo.

miss-es, Your eggs, my pret - ty maid, we'll take, And have their ransom paid in kiss - es." As from the

thicket springs the deer, When close he hears the baying hound, so start - ed I on wings of fear, And scarcely seemed to touch the

ground, But rush-ing swift-ly as the wind, With laughter loud, and cruel jest, The rude dragoons came on be-hind, Each try-ing

to out-strip the rest. A lucky thought that instant came: My largest egg I quick-ly chose, I flung it on, unerring

aim, And smashed it on the major's nose! My bas-ket thus I emptied soon. Some conso - la-tion, sure-ly, this is; I made some

a tempo.
Om - e - lettes dragoon, Broke all my eggs, but saved my kiss - es.

CHANOINESSE. Well, child, so you have seen these soldiers? You can give us information.

DUKE. Eh! What's that?

CHANOINESSE. What more do you know about them?

DUKE. Why, that they have swords and belts and boots and mustaches — (*courtesies*), as fine fellows as you'd often see, madame.

CHANOINESSE. That's not what I mean. What is their number?

DUKE. Eh?

CHANOINESSE. How many are there?

DUKE. I never counted them, madame; but they are fine fellows as you'd see in a day's journey, madame.

PUPILS. Ah!

CHANOINESSE. I tell you that's not what I mean. I ask you now if they are ready for the attack. Answer me!

DUKE. Well, madame, I would never deceive you for the whole world —

CHANOINESSE. Well?

DUKE. If I should tell you that I know about it, madame, I should deceive you, for I know nothing about it, madame.

CHANOINESSE. Stupid!

DUKE. But they're fine fellows — as you'd often see, madame.

THE BOLD BRIGADE.

No. 13.

AIR WITH CHORUS.—Duke.

Allegro. ♩ = 92.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the chorus. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "With clink - ing spur and sa - bre - tache, in biv - ou - ac or in sa - loon.....".

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second line of the chorus. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: ".... Bright ro - guish eye and black mustache, Love's aid - de - camp's A young dra - goon.....".

DIRECTRESS.

DUKE.

..... Are they, in - deed, such hand - some men? You'll nev - er see their like a -

gain. Are they, indeed, such nice young men? I wish that we could see them

p

YOUNG LADIES.

then; From out..... our dor - mer win - dows then, Let's run and see these

mf

piu presto.

then; From out..... our dor - mer win - dows then, Let's run and see these

f

Men, We must not miss them when We may have no such chance a - gain.....

Sra.

Sra.

(The chanoinesse takes up train and goes out c. in time to music. Pupils follow in same manner. DUKE imitates their action R. front to c. as they go out.)

DUKE (c.). Alone! I am alone! All the rest is easy. I have only to find my wife, throw off my disguise, and fly with her. But how to find my wife? (Approaches c. door, bolts drawn outside.) Eh? What's that? (Tries door.) They have locked it. Then this one! (Crosses to door, bolts as before.) Ah! the chanoinesse is cunning. (To door R., same business.) Too late! (To c.) She suspects me! No, impossible. The disguise is perfect. (Puts hand mechanically on hilt of sword, throwing out skirts of dress.) Who, in this dress, could recognize the Duke de Parthenay! But the Duke de Parthenay is caught in a mouse-trap; he has made a failure of his first campaign! (A knock at door R.) What's that? (Going to door.) Who is there?

DUCHESS (outside R.). It is I, the Duchess de Parthenay.

DUKE. My wife! Blanche, don't you know me?

DUCHESS. Fabrice!

DUKE (rattling door). Ah! The lock is strong, it won't give way. (Sees window over table R.) Ah! that window! Blanche! Blanche!

DUCHESS. Well?

DUKE. Can you climb to the window?

DUCHESS. Yes.

DUKE. Quick, then, lose no time! (Puts bench on table and climbs up. Duchess appears at window. Duke kisses her.)

DUCHESS. Well, is that all?

DUKE. No, tell me how I was lucky enough to find you.

DUCHESS. They locked me up in my room.

DUKE. Well?

DUCHESS. And one of the servants let me out. I ran along the passage, and — (Door opens L.; a long halberd is thrust in slowly; at the end of it appears FRIMOUSSE.) What is that? Quick, go down!

(DUCHESS disappears. DUKE arranges dress and stands on table, leaning against wall R. FRIMOUSSE enters, followed by four scullions armed with warming-pans, spits, etc.)

FRIMOUSSE (shaking bunch of keys at his belt). Aha, my young friend! It appears we had good grounds for our suspicion. You are trying to escape.

DUKE (aside). Frimousse, and with the keys. Oho!

FRIMOUSSE. Suppose, now, you come down.

DUKE. What for?

FRIMOUSSE. Come down, and I'll tell you. (Duke comes down. Frimousse crosses to him. The scullions form in line of battle at back L.) I have orders to watch you closely.

DUKE (aside). I must have those keys.

FRIMOUSSE. Do you hear, young woman?

DUKE (takes him by the arm, and leads him to R. front). Send away your soldiers.

FRIMOUSSE (looking at them, then at Duke). My soldiers! Why?

DUKE. I must speak to you alone.

FRIMOUSSE (disturbed). Alone! (Aside.) What does this mean?

DUKE. You won't refuse me?

FRIMOUSSE (aside). Only a woman, after all. I needn't be afraid of her. (To his men.) Get out! But stand at the door, and come when I call.

SCULLION. Yes, professor.

FRIMOUSSE. Professor! Call me "captain."

SCULLION. Yes, Monsieur Frimousse. Attention, company! Forward! March! (Exit scullions L.)

FRIMOUSSE (puts down halberd L., then comes to c.). Well, we are alone. Speak!

DUKE (crossing to him). Speak? That I will! (Slaps him on back violently.)

FRIMOUSSE (starting). Not so loud!

DUKE. So you thought I was running away?

FRIMOUSSE. Of course I thought so.

DUKE. Not a bit of it! I was trying to find you.

FRIMOUSSE. Me?

DUKE. That was all.

FRIMOUSSE. What for?

DUKE. Don't be a fool! (Slaps him again.)

FRIMOUSSE. Eh? Not so loud!

DUKE. Well, can't you guess?

FRIMOUSSE. No.

DUKE. It was because I have fallen in love with you.

FRIMOUSSE. What! With me?

DUKE. At first sight!

FRIMOUSSE. Ah!

DUKE. You stopped this morning, on your way here, at a farm-house, to change horses.

FRIMOUSSE. So I did.

DUKE. At this farm-house there was a woman, a lovely being, who saw and adored you. That lovely being was myself — and I adore you still!

FRIMOUSSE. Can such things be?

THE IDYL.

No. 14.

DUET. Little Duke and Frimousse.

FRIMOUSSE.

ANDANTE. 60 = ♩.

p

It is an i - dyl, an i - dyl

waft - ed on the breeze, An i - dyl sigh - ing thro' the trees Of old The - oc - ri - tus or

Vir - gil, It is an i - - dyl, An i - dyl wafted on the breeze And gent - ly

colla voce.

LITTLE DUKE.

Unless the trick surpass my skill, Possess those keys I must and
sighing thro' the trees, it is an i - dyl..... Say,

sf *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first system of a musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Unless the trick surpass my skill, Possess those keys I must and'. The piano part has a busy, rhythmic accompaniment. The system ends with a vocal line that says 'sighing thro' the trees, it is an i - dyl.....' and a piano line with a long note marked *p*. The word 'Say,' appears at the end of the system.

will. What an - swer can I make but
do..... you love me, shep - herd - ess?

p *sostenuto.*

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score. The vocal line starts with 'will.' followed by 'What an - swer can I make but'. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a vocal line that says 'do..... you love me, shep - herd - ess?' and a piano line with a long note marked *sostenuto.* The word *p* is also present in the piano part.

yes, I love, and ne'er can love thee less; How much I love, no words can e'er express, I love, I love, I love. I

Detailed description: This system contains the final system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with 'yes, I love, and ne'er can love thee less; How much I love, no words can e'er express, I love, I love, I love. I'. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a vocal line that says 'yes, I love, and ne'er can love thee less; How much I love, no words can e'er express, I love, I love, I love. I'.

love..... thee. FRIMOUSSE. I must and will.... have those keys,

It is an i - dyl, An i - dyl waft-ed on the breeze, An i - dyl

p

Unless the trick surpass my skill, Possess those keys I must and will, I must and will

sighing thro' the trees Of old Theoc - ri - tus or Vir - gil, It is an i - dyl, An i - dyl

colla voce.

Have those keys, I must and will.

wafted on the breeze And gently sighing thro' the trees, It is an i - dyl.

sf

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has three staves: a vocal staff with lyrics, a piano staff with a melody, and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system also has three staves, with the vocal staff continuing the lyrics and the piano staff providing accompaniment. The third system has three staves, with the vocal staff concluding the lyrics and the piano staff providing a final accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, and the piano part is written below the vocal staff.

ALLEGRETTO. ad. lib.

f *pp*

a tempo. FRIMOUSSE. LITTLE DUKE.

Call me then, fair shep - herd - ess, Daphnis, son of Mer - cu - ry. Should I

p

♩. = 60.

FRIMOUSSE.

ven - ture to say yes, What would peo - ple think of me? And you, sweet, art - less, syl - van

p

LITTLE DUKE.

maid, .. I.... shall bloom - ing Chloe call. What pretty names! but I'm a - fraid I can't re - member them at

all.
FRIMOUSSE.

Oh, Daph-nis! Oh, Daph - nis! Oh, my

Ah, Chlo-e! Ah, Chlo - e! Oh, my Chlo - e!

p

Piu presto,

Daph - nis! Oh, my Daph - nis!

Oh, my Chlo - e! Phyllis! Chloris! Am-a-ryl-lis! Tir-cis! Beaucis! An-a-charsis!

mf *f*

con spirito. *rall.*

..... What charming re-col-lections throng, Of gold - en age and antique song, Of gold - en age and an-tique

Sfz

ad lib.

Oh, my Daph - nis! Oh,.... my Daphnis! Ah!.....

song. Oh, my Chlo - e! Oh, my Chlo - e! Ah!.....

p

animando. *rall.*

ah!..... Oh, my Daphnis! Oh, my Daphnis! Oh, my Daphnis! Oh, my

animando. *rall.*

Ah!..... Oh, my Chlo - e! Oh, my Chlo - e! Oh, my Chloe! Oh, my

mf *cres* *rall.*

f

Daph - nis! I must and will,..... I must and will poss - ess those keys! Un - less the

Chlo - e! It is an i - dyl, An i - dyl waft - ed on the breeze, An i - dyl

cen *do.* *f*

trick surpass my skill, possess those keys I must and will, I must and will

sighing thro' the trees Of old Theoc - ri - tus or Vir - gil, It is an dyl, an i - dyl

p

piu p

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* and *piu p*.

have those keys, Unless the trick surpass my skill, Possess those keys I must and

wafted on the breeze, It is an i - dyl, it is an i

colla voce.

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The instruction *colla voce.* appears in the piano part. The system ends with a repeat sign.

will.

- dyl.

f

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line has a short phrase. The piano accompaniment features a more active melodic line in the right hand. A forte (*f*) dynamic is marked in the piano part. The system ends with a repeat sign.

DUKE (*aside*). The keys, the keys! I must not forget them!

FRIMOUSSE. What's that?

DUKE. I was saying, — I love him, but who knows if he loves me?

FRIMOUSSE. Oh, was that all?

DUKE. If I only had a daisy now, I could tell directly.

FRIMOUSSE. With a daisy — how?

DUKE. By pulling it to pieces. Don't you know the way? But we haven't any daisy. Ah! Give me that!

FRIMOUSSE. This bunch of keys?

DUKE. Yes, I will make it do.

FRIMOUSSE. Make it do what?

DUKE (*taking keys*). You shall see. He loves me (*showing large key*) truly, (*a small one*) a wee bit, (*a very large one*) passionately, (*a very small one*) not a whit. (*Angrily*.) Not a whit, eh? So you don't love me, you miserable, lying wretch! Do you think to deceive me? (*Strikes him.*)

FRIMOUSSE (*rushes away, stumbles over benches, and finally falls L., knocking down halberd, which he has left against wall.*) Not so loud! Not so loud! (*On floor L.*)

DUKE. Now for the escape! (*To door R., tries keys hurriedly.*) Not this, nor this, nor this.

FRIMOUSSE. What are you about? (*Rising and crossing to R.*) My keys — give back my keys!

DUKE (*drawing pistol*). Come and take them.

FRIMOUSSE (*rushing back in terror*). Help! Help! Save me! (*Exit L.*)

DUKE (*opening door R.*). At last!

(*Enter DUCHESS, R.*)

DUCHESS. Fabrice!

DUKE. Blanche! (*They embrace.*)

(*Re-enter FRIMOUSSE, L. with the four scullions.*)

FRIMOUSSE (*to scullions*). Seize him, and take away the keys!

DUKE (*to Duchess*). Here, quick, throw them to my dragons!

(*DUCHESS takes keys and exit R.*)

FRIMOUSSE. Seize him! I order you to seize him! (*The scullions take a step or two forward, the Duke draws his pistol*

and they retreat. Duke gets behind screen.) On to the attack! Have you no blood in your veins? Are you all cowards — like me? (*Goes behind them and tries to push them on with his halberd. They resist.*) On, I say!

DUKE (*reappearing in uniform, but still wearing peasant's cap*). Ay! come on, all of you! (*He leaps upon them with drawn sword, scattering and pursuing them about stage. They fall one after another, the last in C. The Duke, putting foot on his back, waves sword and throws peasant's cap up to ceiling with left hand. Frimousse meantime has fled L.*)

(*Enter CHANOINESSE, C.*)

CHANOINESSE. You disturb our studies, my dear colonel. Be good enough to sheathe your sword.

(*FRIMOUSSE slowly returns L.*)

DUKE. Madame —

CHANOINESSE. Did you not hear me? I said, put up your sword.

DUKE. With pleasure. (*He obeys.*)

CHANOINESSE. Monsieur Frimousse!

FRIMOUSSE. Madame —

CHANOINESSE. I am informed that a keg of gunpowder has been discovered in the garret. Do me the favor to go up and seat yourself upon it —

FRIMOUSSE. A — keg — of — gunpowder!

CHANOINESSE. You are authorized to fire it at the first sign of an attack.

FRIMOUSSE. Regardless of the consequences?

CHANOINESSE. Precisely. (*Frimousse does not move.*) You may go.

FRIMOUSSE. Thank you. (*Exit L.*)

CHANOINESSE. Madame la Duchesse de Parthenay, — where is she?

(*Enter GOVERNESS and DUCHESS R.*)

GOVERNESS. Here, madame. I found her at the window, making signs to the dragoons.

CHANOINESSE. She may return to her room; and as for you, my dear colonel.

(*Noise without. Enter pupils, with soldiers in pursuit.*)

FINALE TO ACT SECOND.

SONG OF THE ADIEU.

No. 15.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

ff Allegro non troppo.

'Tis done! 'tis done! the tow'r is won! The gal-lant Duke of Par-the-

- nay! Of Mars has proved a wor-thy son!... Vic-to-rious in his first es-

YOUNG LADIES. (*kneeling.*)

- say! Oh, gentle soldiers! have pi - ty if you please! Up - on our knees, up - on our knees..... We beg for

p

DRAGOONS.

quar - ter, if you please! No, no! you'll dear - ly rue the hour, And for its boast - ful rash - ness

ff

pay, In which your pride of fan - cied pow'r, De - fied the Duke of Par - - the - nay!

SONG OF THE ADIEU.

Andante. ♩ = 60.

DUKE.

A - las! she speaks the truth, my dear - est,
Hark! the bu - gle call is sound - ing,

p *pp*

This system contains the first vocal and piano accompaniment staves. The vocal staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of three sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 60 beats per minute. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

'Tis honor bids us fight or fall;.... A soldier's bride thou art, nor fear - est To arm thy husband
The foeman's banner's flout the sky;.... Our bat - tle steeds are mad - ly bounding, Our country we must

This system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal staff continues with the same key signature and time signature. The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

dolcissimo.

at its call..... Ah! would not shame in - dig - nant move thee To see thy lov - er
save, or die..... Then, fare thee well, my best and dear - est, Till fortune smiles with

dolce.

This system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal staff continues with the same key signature and time signature. The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'dolcissimo' (very slowly) and the dynamics are marked 'dolce' (sweetly).

shun the fray!.... No, my love, too much I love thee, Du - ty's call to dis - o -
 happi - er ray! When night is dark - est, day is near - est, And hope goes with me on my

- bey! Ah! no, my love, too much I love.... thee! Stern du - ty's call, stern duty's call to dis-o -
 way! When night is dark - est, day is near - - est, And hope goes with me, hope goes with me on my

- bey....
 way....

f

DUCHESS.

Allegro Moderato. ♩ = 76.

DIRECTRESS.

YOUNG LADIES.

Should you fall, I will not mourn, While glory's ha - lo gilds your name, But here a -

p *mf*

- wait thy glad re - turn, In vic - to - ry's bright noon of fame, But here a - wait thy glad re -

cres.

- turn, In vic - to - ry's bright noon of fame ! And you— have you no word for

dim molto. *p*

me ? for me ? When the bat - - tle is won, We shall see, we shall

fp *fz*

MONTALAND. DIRECTRESS. MONTALAND.

see, And if suc- cessful I bring back my sword, You shall receive, you shall receive, I shall receive, I shall re-

DIRECTRESS.

- ceive! You shall re - ceive, you shall re - ceive, you shall, you shall..... re - ceive your re -

FINALE (ENSEMBLE).

Allegro ben moderato. ♩ = 147. YOUNG LADIES.

- ward! If victorious you re - turn, Love with - in our hearts shall

burn, If you come with honor back, Honor's meed you shall not lack. Go, nor fear that we shall break This engagement now we

make. Of your glorious deeds to hear, We shall wait with hope and fear; Conquerors re - turn, And you win our

mf

hearts. If you fall, we mourn. And our joy de - parts, Conquerors re - turn, And you win our

leggiere. *mf*

DRAGOONS & MONTALAND.

hearts, Conquerors re - turn, you shall win our hearts. Then do not mourn. We shall re -

8va

- turn Nor e'er look back From hon - or's track. Our deeds to hear, You need not fear; With you we

8va

YOUNG LADIES.

89

leave, we leave our hearts. If vic-torious you re-turn, Love within our hearts shall burn, If you come with honor

Sra

p

back, Honor's meed you shall not lack. Of your glorious deeds to hear We shall wait in hope and fear; If you fall, we

Sra

mourn And our joy de - parts, Conquer-ors re - turn, You shall win our hearts, If vic-torious you re-

Sra

cres.

CHORUS. Soldiers and Ladies.

f *poco piu presto.* ♩ = 180.

LADIES. If vic-to - rious, you shall win our hearts, If you fall, we

-turn, you shall win our hearts.

SOLDIERS. If vic-to - rious, we shall win your hearts, If we fall, you

Sra

ff

mourn, And our joy de - parts, Conquerors re - turn, You shall win our hearts, Conquerors re-
 mourn, And your joy de - parts, Un-til we re - turn, Here we leave our hearts, Un-til we re-

Sya

-turn, You shall win our hearts, Conquerors re - turn, You shall win our hearts,.....
 -turn, Here we leave our hearts, Un-til we re - turn, Here we leave our hearts,.....

Sya

.... You shall win our hearts,.....
 Here we leave our hearts,.....

ff

sfz

End of Act II.

At en l of Finale MONTALAND seizes FRIMOUSSE who struggles. DUKE embraces DUCHESS. Tableau.
 CURTAIN.

DRINKING CHORUS.

No. 16.

ACT III.

SCENE. *An encampment.* DE MERIGNAC, DE TANNEVILLE, BERNARD, and other officers, soldiers, and vivandières discovered. *All are drinking, playing cards, dice, etc. Very animated tableau.*

Allegro. ♩ = 86.

Allegro gazioso.

Drink, sing, and be jol-ly, Sound trumpet, beat drum, The fiend me-lan-cho-ly Near us shall not

come! Drink, sing, and be jol-ly, What use to re-pine? All grieving is fol-ly, So drown it in

wine. Thorns with ro - ses min - gle, Chance a - lone be - stows Luck to choose and single From the thorn the

rose. What fate may to - morrow Bring forth to dis - pel Our mirth or our sor - row, No mor - tal can

tell. So drink and be jol - ly, Sound trumpet, beat drum! The fiend me - lan - cho - ly Near us shall not

come. Drink, sing and be jol - ly, What use to re - pine? Since grief is a fol - ly, Let's drown him in

wine! The fiend,.. the fiend me - lan - choly Let us drown in wine. The fiend,.. the fiend me-lan-

The first system of the musical score is in D major (two sharps). The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a melodic phrase: "wine! The fiend,.. the fiend me - lan - choly Let us drown in wine. The fiend,.. the fiend me-lan-". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a strong, rhythmic bass line with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a crescendo hairpin. The right hand of the piano provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

- choly, Let us drown in wine, Let's drown him in wine, Let's drown him in wine, in wine, in

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line (treble clef) sings: "- choly, Let us drown in wine, Let's drown him in wine, Let's drown him in wine, in wine, in". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) maintains the rhythmic and harmonic structure established in the first system, with the bass line providing a steady foundation.

wine, in wine, in wine.....

The third system concludes the phrase with "wine, in wine, in wine.....". The vocal line (treble clef) has a long note followed by a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord and a repeat sign.

(At end of chorus, MONTALAND enters H. E.)
MONTALAND. Gentlemen all, good day.

AN OFFICER (DE TANNEVILLE).

Heyday! Yes, by this hand,
It is the captain, Montaland!

OMNES.

It is the captain, Montaland.

MONTALAND (with severity).

Do you drink? Do you sing?

OFFICERS.

We drink and we sing!

MONTALAND. So strange a breach of etiquette

It distresses me to see.

Your politeness you forget —

OFFICERS.

What! our politeness?

MONTALAND. Yes, your politeness you forget;

You waited not, I see, for me.

OFFICERS.

All in good time! Take your place,

Fill your glass and sing,

Drink and sing!

MONTALAND. Then, since good songs you love,

To this give ear.

This tender strain will move,

This sad refrain will pity move,

And draw a tear.

Pray you give ear!

OFFICERS.

Proceed, we hear.

SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

No. 17.

Montaland.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 102.

MONTALAND.

There once did live, the

sto - ry ran, In Gas-co - ny, a hump-backed man, And nev - er sure did mor - tal eye Be -

-fore such dis - pro - por - tion scan; His hump was so high, The ground was so nigh To this hump - backed

CHORUS.

man. His hump was so high, The ground was so nigh To this hump - backed man.

MONTALAND.

leggiere.

But mar - tial thoughts his heart in - spired; In his lit - tle heart was no room for
When spring - time crowned with flowers drew nigh, Wick - ed ur - chin Cu - pid, with cru - el

fear, The war broke out and he de - sired Quickly to be made a gren - a - dier. Ah!
 dart, Although he was but two feet high, Shot this lit - tle sol - dier thro' the heart. Ah!

ah! ah! ah! The girls would laugh as he went by,..... Ah! ah! ah! ah! And
 ah! ah! ah! The girls would laugh as he went by,..... Ah! ah! ah! ah! And

all the lads would cry,..... Doesn't he look queer? What a lit - tle guy! Is this gren - a -
 as they laugh'd, would cry,..... Doesn't he look queer? What a lit - tle guy! Is this love-sick

CHORUS.

-dier on - ly two feet high? Doesn't he look queer? What a lit - tle guy! Is this gren - a -
 swain on - ly two feet high? Doesn't he look queer? What a lit - tle guy! Is this love - sick

8va
f

MONTALAND.

-dier on - ly two feet high? But when up - on the tent - ed field,..... If
 swain on - ly two feet high? The beau - ty of the coun - try side,..... Who

8va
p

we can cred - it his - to - ry, The lit - tle sol - dier scorned to fly or yield. And
 can ex - plain love's mys - te - ry? He won from all and made his bride, Love

covered him - self with glo - - - ry..... Mars would soon - er turn and
 crowning his suit with vic - - - to - ry,..... Love had made to dis - ap -

pp *mf*

fly Than this gren - a - dier on - ly two feet high, Nev - er sol - dier show'd less fear, Tho' but two feet
 - pear From his back the hump of her gren - a - dier, Lov - ing eyes can mag - ni - fy In - to five feet

MONTALAND & CHORUS.

high, Than this gren - a - dier. Nev - er sol - dier show'd less fear, Tho' but two feet high, Than this gren - a -
 ten E - ven two feet high. Love had made to dis - ap - pear From his back the hump Of her gren - a -

ff

-dier, Mars him - self would soon - er fly Than this gren - a - dier On - ly two feet high.
 -dier, Lov - ing eyes can mag - ni - fy In - to five feet ten E - ven two feet high.

f

MERIGNAC. Welcome, my dear Montaland, welcome! But why do you come alone, with no regiment behind you?

MONTALAND. Why? Because, on the way, my colonel found need of his regiment for service of his own. But he is soon to follow; you will see him in two days.

TANNEVILLE. Two days? He will come too late for the battle then. You know, we fight to-morrow.

MONTALAND. To-morrow? (*Taking wine from vivandière.*) Then it is our duty to make the most of to-day! (*Drinks.*)

(*Rolling of drums and cries of "To arms!" outside.*)

MONTALAND. What's that? (*Enter Nancey.*) Well?

NANCEY. The enemy!

TANNEVILLE and MERIGNAC. The enemy!

NANCEY. They have broken faith with us, have attacked our outposts, and are carrying all before them.

SOLDIERS. To the front! To the front!

MONTALAND. To-day! All the better! Cool heads and stout hearts, comrades! We'll drive the cowards back again.

(*Chorus . . . Exeunt all but vivandières C. to L.*)

MARGOT. And we must stay behind, we are only women!

(*Murmurs of battle during next speeches.*)

NINETTE. Have you good courage?

MARGOT. That I have, in plenty.

NINETTE (*taking up gun*). Then let us follow them! (*Goes up.*)

MARION. Not yet! Wait; they will need us soon enough. Stay there, and tell us how the battle goes. (*Drums louder.*)

MARGOT (*to Ninette*). Well?

NINETTE. I can see the enemy's line, and ours, — going down before it. Now we have gained ground. No; poor fellows! they can do nothing, they are beaten back. In five minutes the enemy will be here. Ah! (*turns away*) I cannot look!

MARION. We are lost, then!

NINETTE (*coming down*). Lost indeed!

LAMENT OF VILLAGERS.

No. 18.

CHORUS.

Moderato. ♩ = 96.

The musical score for the Chorus is written for a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' with a quarter note equal to 96 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, marked with dynamics *pp*, *f*, *dim.*, and *p*. The vocal line enters with the word 'Heaven' on a long note.

The vocal line of the chorus is written for a single voice. The lyrics are: 'help us, all is lost! Hark! the drums re-call are beat-ing, See, like leaves all tempest'. The melody is simple and expressive, with a range of an octave and a half. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, maintaining the mood of the piece.

tost, Our sol - diers in dis - may re - treat - ing; Ah! kind Heaven, have mer - - cy,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) grouped by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "tost, Our sol - diers in dis - may re - treat - ing; Ah! kind Heaven, have mer - - cy,".

pray! We have lost,.... have lost the day! We have lost, We have lost, have

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) grouped by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "pray! We have lost,.... have lost the day! We have lost, We have lost, have". Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) above the vocal line and *sfz* (sforzando) below the piano accompaniment.

lost the day!.....

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) grouped by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "lost the day!.....". The system ends with a double bar line. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the end of the piano accompaniment.

MARGOT. Hark! Do you hear nothing? (*Rising.*)
 MARION. The enemy! (*Rising.*) (*They cross to R.*)
 NINETTE (*going up*). Not yet! (*Enter Bernard c. from L.*) Bernard! (*Down L.*)
 BERNARD. Well?
 MARION. The battle?
 BERNARD. We have won it!
 NINETTE and MARGOT. Won it?
 BERNARD (*c.*). Yes, the day is ours, or will be when it's over. For at the eleventh hour up came our reinforcements

to turn the scale. Brave fellows! They put new life into us, and the enemy (*laughs*), we have made mince-meat of them!

NINETTE. Thank fortune!

BERNARD. No! Thank the regiment that brought us victory! It was superbly handled—and by whom? The Duke de Parthenay, a boy in his teens. (*Shouts outside L. Parthenay! Parthenay! Long life to him!*) Do you hear that! I'll warrant it's sweeter than music to his ears. (*Bernard and vivandières cross to R. front.*) (*Enter dragoons c from L.*)

SONG "VICTORY."

No. 19.

CHORUS.

Allegro marziale. ♩ = 100.

Vic - toria!..... Vic - toria!..... Vic - to - ri - a! In his

first es - say Our Colo - nel won the day! Vic - to - ri - a!.....

He it was who won the day! The Duke of Par - the - nay! Vic .

First system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: - toria!..... Vic - toria!..... Vic - to - ri - - a! Vic -. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: - toria!..... Vic - toria!..... Vic - toria!..... Vic-toria!. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

*Enter the Little Duke in full uniform, with breastplate of the period, &c. Officers surround him with congratulations.
Soldiers cheer, &c.*

SONG "VICTORY."

Allegro. ♩ = 152.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) is mostly empty, with a few notes and an accent (^) in the final measure. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The system begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

SONG. LITTLE DUKE.

I've thro' the fie-ry ordeal past, My first of fields to day, The
At first, if I the truth must tell, I felt a lit - tle queer, And

p

poco rit. *animato.*

face of war I've seen at last, In grim and stern ar - ray! Oh! how I felt my
some - thing o'er my spir - it fell I was a - fraid was fear! But when the word to

poco rit. *animato.*

bosom swell, When trumpets sounded to en - gage! A bat - tle is a bag - atelle To
charge was given, Like mists before the day, Or clouds be - fore the sunshine driven The

Colonels eighteen years of age! Forward, light dra- goons, and take your ground! Fours about and charge! How sweet the feeling passed a - way!

sound..... Ah! was it not a glo- rious sight, When flashed in air our

fp

sabres bright! Ah! it was easier there to die, Than from such glorious dan - ger fly.

rall.

(Enter MONTALAND C. from L.)

MONTALAND. My dear colonel!

DUKE (bringing him down C.). This way, Monsieur de Montaland! My master, gentlemen! To-day I put his lessons to the proof and tried to win his laurels—all in vain. He is the professor, I am but the pupil.

MONTALAND. Monseigneur!

DUKE. It is the truth. The glory should be yours.

MONTALAND. Had I but the time to prove you wrong—but I have not. You are asked for at headquarters; I am sent here by the general.

DUKE. The general! I'll go at once! But first, tell me one thing—was all this, just now, a battle?

MONTALAND. Of course! What else?

DUKE. Not an encounter—not a skirmish—but a battle!

MONTALAND (laughing). On my honor, Colonel, a battle, a real battle!

DUKE (enthusiastically). A real battle! I have seen a real battle, and the general sends for me! Well, I am at his service. (Exit to L.)

(Chorus of Dragoons repeated . . . during which the Duke's tent is pitched L. of C. BERNARD arranges furniture in tent, two camp-stools and drum, upon which he lays cloth with plate, drinking-cup, and bottle of wine. Chorus. Vicandières, BERNARD, etc., exeunt R. and L. MONTALAND and officers come down.)

MONTALAND. These are the colonel's quarters; we must look to our own. And Frimousse,—where the deuce is he? Who has seen Frimousse?

MERIGNAC. I have just left him.

MONTALAND. Alive?

MERIGNAC. Oh, quite!

MONTALAND. And where did you leave him? In some ditch where he was hiding?

MERIGNAC. No, at headquarters, where he was summoned to receive thanks.

MONTALAND. Frimousse?

TANNEVILLE. Why not? For courage in the field.

MONTALAND. Frimousse?

NANCEY. Certainly.

(Enter FRIMOUSSE excitedly C. from L. He is half scholar, half soldier, with enormous plume, breastplate, and rapier.)

MONTALAND (not seeing him). Frimousse, my Frimousse, has shown courage in the field?

MERIGNAC. Most assuredly!

MONTALAND. Ridiculous! I say it is impossible!

FRIMOUSSE (coming down C., coldly). And why, may I ask? Why is it impossible? Why should I not show courage in the field?

(TANNEVILLE, NANCEY R., FRIMOUSSE C., MONTALAND, MERIGNAC L.)

MONTALAND (bursting into laugh). Because—because—

FRIMOUSSE. Because what, monsieur, what?

MONTALAND. Keep your temper, good Frimousse, and tell us what you have done.

FRIMOUSSE. What I have done?

MONTALAND. Yes.

FRIMOUSSE. I have taken three hundred and fifty prisoners all at once—alone—with this little arm!

MERIGNAC. What! (All laugh.)

FRIMOUSSE. Will that do, monsieur? Does that show courage, or does it not?

MONTALAND. That will do! Three hundred and fifty prisoners! How, in the devil's name, did you accomplish it?

FRIMOUSSE. Well, I didn't accomplish it—on purpose.

MONTALAND. Upon my soul, you had good luck then.

FRIMOUSSE. I will be perfectly frank in this matter. When I snuffed the battle in the breeze, my first intention was to take no part in it. I tucked my Virgil under my arm and climbed over a wall.

MONTALAND. Like Romeo!

FRIMOUSSE. Yes, like Romeo; with this difference—that Romeo wanted to be seen, while I did not! Unluckily, my pupil has good eyesight, together with certain prejudices

against the Latin poets, which led him to despatch two dragoons in pursuit of the Virgil. Resistance was vain. I was seized and bound ignominiously upon a wild horse of Tartary—my face to his tail. The brute became unruly, broke loose, and went, the devil knows where, carrying me with him. We dashed madly through a village full of the enemy's troops. At the sound of my horse's hoofs, the cowards took to flight, into the very jaws of a French regiment, lying in wait for them. But as I galloped in behind the enemy, and as it was I who put the enemy to flight, the honors of their capture fell to me.

MONTALAND. Bravo! My dear Frimousse, you are a hero!

FRIMOUSSE. Yes, fate would have it so! A hero! Why, I would have tried it long ago, if I had only known it was so easy. Montaland, a word with you. (Takes Montaland aside.)

MONTALAND. Well?

FRIMOUSSE. An idea! Is it true that our army has laid siege to the city here a month or more?

MONTALAND. Yes—well?

FRIMOUSSE (heroic). You and I will steal a march upon our comrades. We'll go out to-night alone, storm the city, and give it to the general in the morning.

MONTALAND. The god of War let loose!

FRIMOUSSE. Well, you don't answer; you are afraid! Good; I'll go alone!

MONTALAND. And risk a life so precious?

FRIMOUSSE (inspired). What's life to glory? Give me glory! (Draws his sword.) I'll wade to it through fields of slaughter knee-deep in gore. I'll die as I have lived—a hero! (Montaland and others hold him back. Enter Duke C. from L. Lights gradually down.)

DUKE. What is the matter?

MONTALAND. Frimousse is the matter, colonel. He wants the enemy all to himself.

(MERIGNAC, TANNEVILLE, NANCEY, DUKE, MONTALAND, FRIMOUSSE.)

MERIGNAC. He has gone mad with courage!

DUKE. Courage is not enough, Monsieur Frimousse. A soldier must learn obedience. Put up your sword!

FRIMOUSSE. I am a soldier, monseigneur. (Puts up sword.)

DUKE (gravely). Gentlemen, I bring you an order from our general. He desires me to say that your men have faithfully performed their duty,—one and all; your men, I say, while the officers—

MONTALAND. The officers?

DUKE. Fought bravely in the field; of that there can be no doubt. But it seems that, in camp, while the enemy attacked our outposts, these same officers were drinking and carousing.

MONTALAND. Hum!

DUKE. We make an attack in our turn to-morrow at sunrise: until then, no wine is to be opened in the officers' quarters. This is the general's order; it will be strictly enforced, and the penalty for disobedience is most severe.

FRIMOUSSE. I say it's very hard! (To L. C. Montaland to L. Merignac and others converse.)

DUKE. Ah!

FRIMOUSSE. It's very hard that when a brave soldier has done his duty he should not be allowed to enjoy himself.

DUKE. Monsieur Frimousse, a brave soldier's first duty is obedience.

FRIMOUSSE (angrily). Write me five hundred lines! (All laugh.) Oh! a thousand pardons, colonel! (Bowing low.)

DUKE. You understand me, gentlemen! (All bow.) Then I have only to say—good night. (Going toward tent.)

MERIGNAC. But the watch-word?

DUKE. The watch-word?

MONTALAND. Yes, colonel, you must choose it.

DUKE (pleased). The watch-word? What! Am I to give the watch-word? How exciting war is!

MONTALAND. Well, colonel—

DUKE. Well, then, I'll give you one of the general's choosing. This—"No wine"!

(Ensemble.)

ENSEMBLE. "THE WORD."

No. 20.

Moderato. ♩ = 102.

DUKE.
No wine! No wine! It

mf *dim.* *p*

OFFICERS.,
is the or-der of the day. No wine! No wine! An or-der we must all o-bey! No

p

DUKE. **OFFICERS.** **DUKE.**
wine!..... It is the or-der of the day! No wine!..... It is the

MONTALAND & OFFICERS.

or - der of the day. No wine,.. No wine,.. It is the or - der we o - bey. No

p

cres.

wine! No wine! No wine!..... It is the or - der of the

cres. *pp*

day. No wine! No wine! No wine!.....

day. No wine!..... No wine!..... No wine!.....

p *f*



(BERNARD comes down and stands at door of colonel's tent. The officers, MONTALAND and FRIMOUSSE, salute the DUKE and exeunt R. DUKE enters tent while the refrain is repeated outside by chorus. BERNARD follows the DUKE. Bright moonlight to the end of act.)

DUKE (takes off sword). My sword, Bernard. (Bernard puts down sword in corner of tent; and now, my breastplate. (Bernard unbuckles breastplate and takes it.)

DUKE (pointing to breastplate). What's that?

BERNARD. The mark of a bullet, colonel.

LUKE. A bullet?

BERNARD. Yes, colonel. It struck you there and glanced off. If it hadn't been for this — (taps breastplate and shrugs shoulders).

DUKE. Are you sure it was a bullet — a real one?

BERNARD. Well, colonel, I'm glad it didn't strike me.

DUKE. How exciting it all is! Supper?

BERNARD. Yes, colonel; all ready whenever you want it.

DUKE (laughing). On a drum!

BERNARD. Yes, colonel, — war fashion. Is there anything else?

DUKE. Nothing, thank you. Good night, Bernard.

BERNARD. Good night, colonel.

(Exit BERNARD L.)

DUKE. Supper! What do I want with supper? I have no appetite. A glass of wine though. (Pours out wine, sits, and raises glass to his lips.) Stop! The order (puts down glass), I had forgotten it and so it seems did Bernard! Frimousse was not so far wrong, after all. (Imitates Frimousse.) It's very hard that when a soldier has done his duty, he shouldn't enjoy himself! Well, no matter! After all, I should have to drink it alone. Now if Blanche were only with me. Blanche — I wonder what she's doing now. Fast asleep by this time, dreaming, perhaps, of me. (Yawns.) Ah! I'm very sleepy. Blanche, dear Blanche! (Drowsy.) Charge again, you rascals! It's a battle, a real battle. Blanche, my dear wife! Good night, good night! (Sleeps; a pause, after which cries outside and a shot fired. The Duke starts up.) What's that? (Rushes out of tent L. front.)

(The DUCHESS enters C. from R. and appears in tent from behind. MONTALAND, FRIMOUSSE, and officers rush in R.)

DUKE. What has happened? An attack?

MONTALAND. No, colonel. A shadow glided past the guard, he challenged it, but there was no answer; then, he fired!

DUKE (laughing). A shadow?

MERIGNAC. Yes, the shadow of a woman.

MONTALAND. Some poor creature who has heard of Monsieur Frimousse's exploits and fallen in love with him.

FRIMOUSSE (excited). Do you think so? Ah, if I could find her!

NANCEY. She's not far off. She came this way.

TANNEVILLE. Into the colonel's tent, perhaps. Who knows?

DUKE (laughing). We'll have her out then. (Back to tent, sees his wife, starts, and recovers himself.)

MONTALAND. Well?

DUKE (forcing laugh). Well, your shadow has no substance. She is not there. Good night, gentlemen!

MONTALAND. Good-night, colonel!

(Exeunt MONTALAND, TANNEVILLE, MERIGNAC, and NANCEY R.)

FRIMOUSSE (following). Poor Ariadne! Looking for her Theseus! I will find her! I will find her! (Exit R.)

(The DUKE watches their exit, then turns and enters tent. The DUCHESS staggers and falls, DUKE catching her in his arms.)

DUKE. She has fainted. Blanche! Blanche!

DUCHESS (half reviving). Fabrice! (Duke puts her in chair, R. of drum.)

DUKE. Ah, the wine! (Puts glass to her lips.) You are better?

DUCHESS. Oh, yes. I was so frightened. I thought they had discovered me!

DUKE. But how came you here? Did the chanoinesse give you leave?

DUCHESS. The chanoinesse! No, indeed! I ran away without leave.

DUKE. Yes, but how? (Sits at her feet.)

DUCHESS. Listen, and I'll tell you. The chanoinesse wouldn't trust me out of her sight, and at night I had to sleep in her room. Now you must know — (Duke kisses her hands.) But you're not listening.

DUKE. Not listening? Look at me! (Kisses her hand.)

DUCHESS (drawing her hand away). That's not the way to listen. Well, you must know that every night after vespers, they brought the chanoinesse all the keys. (Duke kisses hands again.) What are you about?

DUKE. I'm listening.

DUCHESS. The key to every door in the convent. Well, in the middle of the night, when all were asleep, I stole the keys, and in five minutes I was out of doors.

DUKE. Alone!

DUCHESS. All alone, and the night was so dark! But I never thought of that. I took the high road, and asked every one I met for the Regiment de Parthenay. I travelled day and night, I hardly know how, it took so long to find you. But I have found you! (Enter Frimousse, R. to C.) Here I am at last, so happy, — so very happy! (They embrace.)

FRIMOUSSE. A woman's voice! It is Ariadne! (Tries to look through folds of tent R. of C.) If I could only see her face!

DUCHESS. And now let us go.

DUKE. Go? Where?

DUCHESS. Why, to your lodgings.

DUKE. My lodgings?

DUCHESS. Of course.

DUKE. But I live here.

DUCHESS (looking about tent). Here! (They rise.)

FRIMOUSSE (staggering back). Madame la Duchesse! I'll inform the general; it's my duty! (Going, with mock despair.) O Ariadne! (Exit R.)

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

No. 21.

DUETT. Duchess & Duke.

Allegro non troppo. ♩ = 104.

The musical score is written for a piano and two vocal parts (Duchess and Duke). It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *f* (forte). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The introduction consists of four measures of piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter in the fifth measure. The Duchess's part is marked *p* (piano). The Duke's part is marked *rall.* (rallentando). The tempo changes to *a tempo* after the Duke's second measure. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with some measures marked *p* and *rall.* The score ends with a final piano accompaniment measure.

DUCHESS. **DUKE.**

My poor Fa - brice, Indeed I fear you're but poor - ly lodged here. No complain - ing, my

dear, The fortune of war, of war? Yes, the for - tune of war.

p *rall.* *a tempo.*

Moderato. ♩ = 60.

But yesterday, my love, my treasure, And all that can be named of lux - u - ry, That
A soldier's fare you see before you, A crust of bread, a cup of wine, no more. But

rich - es could command of pleasure A - wait - ed but a call from you and me. To -
share it with me, I implore you, And nev - er ban - quet was so sweet be - fore. With

night in - stead of lodg - ing splen - did, In gild - ed pal - ace or in gay sa - loon, By lack - eys,
fur - ni - ture we're furnished bad - ly, We have be - tween us but a sin - gle chair, My knee for

DUCHESS.

se - dulous to please, at - tended, Our shelt - er is the tent of a dra - goon. Is this
you will serve the pur - pose gladly, 'Tis large e - nough, and has of arms a pair.

DUKE. *Allegretto.*

all? Have we nothing more? We have no more. But small my care, how poor it

p $\text{♩} = 80.$

be, Love makes it rich to you and me! Ah! what care we, how poor it be, While I love

DUKE & DUCHESS. *p*

you and you love me; Ah! love makes light Of pov-er-ty! Ah!..... what care

we, how poor we be, While I love you and you love me!....

p *fz*

Then let us sup ere it grows late.
What say you, Blanche?

DUCHESS.
I agree.

DUKE. By Jove! we have only one plate.

DUCHESS.
No more?

DUKE. No more! What joy for me,
What pleasure to see!
How joyous 'twill be,
When supping together, and from the same plate!
(Ensemble.)

What pleasure to see!
How happy are we
Together to sup from one plate!

DUKE. After we've supped, my own dear lass,
Let us drink.

DUCHESS.
I agree.

DUKE. But, by Jove! we have only one glass.

DUCHESS.
But one?

DUKE. But one! What joy for me,
What pleasure to see!
How happy we'll be,
While drinking together and from the same glass!
(Ensemble.)

What rapture to see!
How happy are we,
While drinking from the same glass!
While drinking together,
Drinking together
From the self-same glass!
(DUKE kisses the DUCHESS.)

DUCHESS.
What now? what is this?

DUKE. Don't you see? I give you but a kiss!
I give you but a kiss!

(They kiss at each stroke of the measure during symphony.)

DUKE. How foolish we, to take amiss,
Or make complaint of wanting space.
There's room enough for us to kiss,
And that's what suits the present case!
(Ensemble.)

How foolish we, to take amiss,
Or make complaint of wanting space.
There's room enough for us to kiss,
And that's what suits the present case!
Why take the want of space amiss?
There's room enough for us to kiss!

(The DUKE and DUCHESS embrace tenderly, when the music is heard, piano, of the "Order of the Day," gradually approaching.)

(Concerted Piece.)

DUKE (listening).
Keep silence, dear,
But have no fear,
The night patrol's approach I hear.
(Chorus of dragoons, approaching.)

No wine! No wine!
It is the order of the day.
No wine! no wine! no wine!
It is the order of the day.

DUKE (raising his glass of wine).
No wine!

DUCHESS.
No wine! Was such the order?

DUKE (drinking).
Yes, by my word!

DUCHESS.
No wine?

DUKE. No wine! Yes, by my word,
Such order was absurd!

DUCHESS.
No wine?

DUKE. No wine!

(Drinks and fills glass, making glass clink against bottles.)

CHORUS.
But, hark! I hear
The clinking of a glass!

(The OFFICER approaches and places his ear to the tent, listening.)

DUKE. Silent, be until they pass.

CHORUS.
We plainly heard a clinking glass.

OFFICER.
I nothing hear! I nothing hear!

CHORUS. No?

OFFICER. No!

CHORUS. No?

OFFICER. No!

(The PATROL resumes the chorus, "The Order of the Day," and exeunt, the DUKE and DUCHESS at the same time singing, piano, their duet.)

(Ensemble.)

DRAGOONS.
No wine! no wine!
It is the order of the day!
No wine! no wine!
An order we must all obey! etc. (Gradually dying away.)

DUCHESS.
I wish that they,
I wish that they would go away!
Can you divine,
Can you divine how long they'll stay?
I wish 'twas day! etc.

DUKE. Silence keep, silence keep,
Silence keep a moment, pray!
I wish this wine,
I wish this wine was far away,
That we might talk of love till day.
Keep silence, pray,
Keep silence, pray, a moment and they go away! etc.

(Refrain repeated, dying away softly. Tableaux, DUKE and DUCHESS embracing. Roll of drum outside R. with cries of "To arms!" Trumpet call, "Boot and saddle!")

DUCHESS (starting up). What's that?

DUKE. The call to arms! A night attack! My poor Blanche, you are here in the very thick of the battle!

DUCHESS (bringing his sword). See, I am not afraid!
How could I be with you?

(She buckles on DUKE's sword. The regiment enters R. to C. DUKE takes his place at head of regiment, the DUCHESS remaining in the tent. Enter FRIMOUSSE R.)

FRIMOUSSE. Your pardon, colonel. I am sent here from headquarters, to ask you to give up your sword.

DUKE. Give up my sword?

FRIMOUSSE. Disobedience to orders. "No wine," you know (crossing to L. front), and not the general's order only, but the king's. Madame, the Chanoinesse de Lausac has sent me in search of you.

DUCHESS (coming out of tent L. C.) You're an old wretch! (to L.)

FRIMOUSSE (to L. C.) Possibly, very possibly. Ha! ha! The tables are turned! Colonel, your sword!

"SONG OF THE SWORD."

No. 22.

DUKE.

MODERATO MARZIALE.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melody with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with triplets. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

DUKE.

1. My sword! the order is se - vere,.... But to the pen-al - ty I

The first system of the Duke's vocal melody spans four measures. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The dynamic is *pp* (pianissimo).

yield. You see, but half of it is here,..... The rest I left.... up - on.... the

The second system of the Duke's vocal melody spans four measures. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

field; My general's pardon I im - plore, My sword was broken in the van.... I....

The third system of the Duke's vocal melody spans five measures. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The dynamic is *p* (piano).

From the "LITTLE DUKE."

give..... thee all, I can no more.... Who gives his all, gives.... all.... he....

The first system of the musical score is in D major (two sharps). The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

can; I give.. thee all, I can no more,..... Who gives his all, gives all..... he

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning. The piano accompaniment also includes a dynamic marking of *f* in the left hand. The lyrics are: "can; I give.. thee all, I can no more,..... Who gives his all, gives all..... he".

can.

The third system shows the vocal line with a final note and the word "can." The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) across the measures. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

2. 'Twas awkward, cer-tain-ly, to break On my first bat - tle field my
3. To win a vic-to-ry to - night, With all our might and main we've

pp

sword, But with it, this as-sur-ance take,..... I never broke.... my plight - ed
tried, But wheth - er we've suc-ceed - ed quite.... Your praise or cen - sure must de -

word; My sword and I must rust and rest, Am - bi-tion's flame no hope can fan;.. The
- cide. Though but a lit - tle duke in jest, I've done my best to play the man,.. And

p

of - fi - cer who does his best.... Can do no more, do.... all.... he.... can, The
he who does his lev - el best.... Can do no more, do.... all.... he.... can, And

f

of - fi - cer who does his best..... Can do no more, do all..... he
he who does his lev - el best..... Can do no more, do all..... he

f

can.

f

f

(LITTLE DUKE hands the sword to FRIMOUSSE.)

FRIMOUSSE (*flourishing sword*). Who is colonel now?

(Enter MONTALAND R.)

MONTALAND. The Duke de Parthenay!

ALL. What!

MONTALAND. After the punishment, the reward! (*To Duke.*) You disobeyed orders, you have paid the penalty; but thanks to your courage yesterday, the war is over, the enemy have surrendered.

FRIMOUSSE (*heroic*). Very lucky it is for them too!

MONTALAND. Monsieur Frimousse, I'll trouble you for that sword. (*Frimousse gives it up sheepishly.*) Here monseigneur (*giving it to Duke*), the general gives it back again, and with it take your wife.

(DUCHESS crosses to DUKE, they embrace.)

FRIMOUSSE (*aside*). O Ariadne!

DUKE. Yes, but for how long?

MONTALAND. For a lifetime! And you and madame are to carry the news of your victory to Versailles.

DUKE (*to Duchess*). And have we really won a victory?

DUCHESS (*looking at audience*). I dare not ask!

DUKE. Then I will!

For FINALE

LITTLE DUKE *Sings third verse.*

CURTAIN,

and

END OF OPERA.

Home Musical Library.

List 2. -- Books of Vocal Music -- Continued.

The books mentioned below, together with those contained in List 1, comprise all the books of Vocal Music of the HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY. They contain all the best and most popular music which has ever been published in sheet music form, carefully selected, and bound in convenient and uniform size and style. Each book contains from 200 to 250 pages, sheet music size, and will be sent, post-paid, for \$2.00 in boards; \$2.50 in cloth; \$3.00 in full gilt.

— All accompaniments may be played either on the Piano or Reed Organ. —

THE SILVER CHORD.

This is the first published collection of vocal music of this series, and contains much that is old and well known, but which, however, has lost little or nothing by repetition. In this age of musical novelty, it is sometimes pleasant to return to old friends, who have been tried and found true. In this respect, at least, the Silver Chord will always be found acceptable.—200 pages.

CONTENTS.

Ah, I have sighed to rest.	In whispers soft and light.
A-k me not why.	Kathleen Mavourneen.
Battle prayer.	Lass o' Gowrie.
Bonnie Dundee.	Last rose of summer.
By the sad sea waves.	Long, long weary day.
Cradle song.	Take me to thy heart again.
Do they miss me?	Tell me, where do fairies?
Ever be happy.	The dearest spot on earth.
Flee as a bird.	When the swallows.
Home of my heart.	Why do summer roses
I'd be a star.	fade?

and about 150 others.

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG.

The vocal compositions of the German masters, which, by reason of their remarkable beauty, have been christened "Gems of German Song," and which have slowly increased from year to year, have been embodied in a collection, under the above caption, containing one hundred of the choicest gems, bound in sheet music size. The English and German words are both given, and cover some 200 pages.

CONTENTS.

Above the stars.	I would that my love.
Adelaide.	Leaves are falling.
Beneath the evening's last	Love's request.
sweet ray.	Ninetta.
Cradle song.	Out of the depths of sorrow.
Elegy of tears.	Song of Spring.
Eri-King.	Speed, my hawk.
First Violet.	Stay with me.
Herd-Bells.	Wanderer (The).
How can I leave thee.	When the Swallows home-
Image of the rose.	ward fly,

and 80 others.

SHOWER OF PEARLS.

This book of 240 pages, comprising as it does, all that is essentially first-class in the way of good vocal duets, arranged with accompaniments for the pianoforte, will prove very beneficial and entertaining to lovers of two-part music. The selections are the brightest and the best to be found, and each one may safely be said to be a pearl in itself.

CONTENTS.

Ah! could I teach the night-	May-hells.
ingale.	Minute-gun at sea.
A, B, C. Comic duet.	Murmuring sea.
Arrayed in clouds.	Nay, bid me not.
Come with me.	Oh, happy swallow.
Do you remember?	There's a sigh in the heart.
Go thou and dream.	The moon is beaming o'er.
Gypsy countess.	Though you leave me.
Hear me, Norma.	and 45 others.

GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG.

The beautiful Scotch ballads which, from time immemorial, have been sung by Highland lads and lasses, and which to-day still retain their original sweetness and beauty, are replete with words and music as spirited as they are romantic. Only the very choicest of "auld Scotia's" songs have been brought together in this volume, and each one is entirely first-class—truly characteristic of the wild music of bonnie brave Scotland. 200 pages.

CONTENTS.

Afton water.	I'm wearing awa', Jean.
And ye shall walk in silk	I'm ower young to marry.
attire.	Ingleside.
A man's a man for a' that.	Lass of Gowrie.
Bonny brave Scotland.	My heart's in the High-
Castles in the air.	lands.
Come ferry us o'er.	Robin Adair.
Farewell to Lochaber.	Thou hast left me ever,
Gypsy Laddie.	Jamie.
Highland Mary.	There's nae room for twa.
Hunting tower.	Young Lochinvar,

and about 150 others.

GEMS OF SACRED SONG.

This most refined collection of beautiful Sacred Lyrics contains many pleasing compositions of the masters of sacred song, with Pianoforte or Reed Organ accompaniments. A great variety of beautiful things for Sabbath evening recreation and rest will be found within its 200 pages.

CONTENTS.

Angels ever bright and	If with all your hearts.
fair.	Just as I am.
Battle prayer.	Mary's tears.
Bird let loose. Duet.	Messenger bird. Duet.
Cast thy burden.	Oh, that I had wings.
Come, ye disconsolate.	Ruth and Naomi.
Consider the lilies.	There's rest for all.
Eve's lamentation.	Weep not for me.
Fading, still fading.	Why do summer roses
First Violet.	fade?
Hark, I hear an angel.	Wings of a dove,
	and a hundred others.

THE MUSICAL TREASURE.

The Musical Treasure is a miscellaneous collection of vocal and instrumental music of standard merit, and covers a territory so expanded as to embrace within its limits, a very large variety of first-class songs, ballads, duets and quartets, waltzes, polkas, galops, marches, etc., in every sense pleasing, instructive and entertaining. 200 pages.

VOCAL CONTENTS.

Beautiful days of the past.	Robin Redbreast.
Birds in the night.	Strangers yet.
Castles in the air.	Tender and true.
Co-ca-che-linnk.	Three Fishers.
In the starlight. Duet.	When the Quiet Moon.
Ka-fooxle-nm.	and others

MINSTREL SONGS.

OLD AND NEW. All the famous minstrel and plantation songs, including the celebrated Foster melodies, and other popular pieces of a more recent date, arranged with pianoforte accompaniment.

CONTENTS.

Angellina Baker.	Lucy Long.
Camptown Races.	Massa's in the cold ground.
Dandy Jim.	Old Folks at Home.
Good-bye 'Liza Jane.	Old Dan Tucker.
I'm going back to Dixie.	Oh! dem golden slippers.
Jim Crow	Zip Coon,

and 80 others.

WREATH OF GEMS.

One hundred choice selections of popular songs, chosen with due care and in good taste. A very desirable companion for every day life.

CONTENTS.

Aileen-Aroon.	Parthenia to Ingomar.
Danube River (The).	Slumber song.
Fairy Bell.	Speed away.
I'll meet thee.	Take back the heart.
Jays that we've tasted.	Too late.
Little Sunbeam.	Twinkling stars,

and 80 others.

OPERATIC PEARLS.

Light and flippant operatic novelties come and go, are soon lost sight of, and forgotten in the great demand for "something new;" so that the number of really good operas that have stood the test of time is somewhat limited. Operatic Pearls has all the favorite airs of all the favorite operas.

CONTENTS.

"Ah non giunge."	I'm a merry Zingara.
Angel of light.	In tears I pine for thee.
Call me thine own.	Nay, bid me not.
Fly from the world.	Oh, as fair. "Com e bello."
Hear me Norma. Duet.	Poor though my cot.
Heart howed down.	Still so gently,

and 80 others, with English, French and Italian words.

THE SILVER WREATH.

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CONTENTS.

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Dreaming of angels.	No one to love.
Fond hearts at home.	Oh, softly rise. Duet.
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